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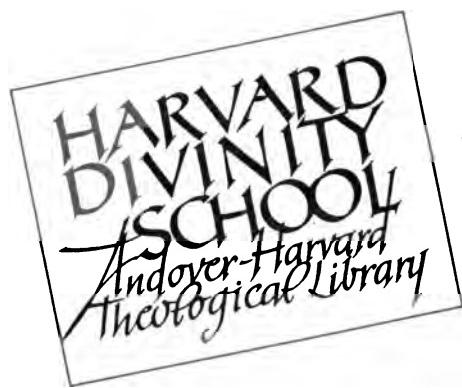
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THE
Y. M. C. A.
PRAISE BOOK:
A COLLECTION OF NEW AND OLD HYMNS AND
TUNES ARRANGED FOR
MALE VOICES.

ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS,
AND
MALE VOICE CHURCH CHOIRS.

EDITED BY
W. F. SUDDS.

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THE
Y. M. C. A. PRAISE BOOK.

LORD, WE COME BEFORE THEE NOW.

SUPPLICATION. 7s.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. Lord, we come be - foreThee now, At Thy feet we hum - bly bow;
 Oh, do not our suit dis - dain; Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain? A - MEN.

1

mp 1 Lord, we come before Thee now,
 At Thy feet we humbly bow ;
or Oh, do not our suit disdain ;
 Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain ?

mf 2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend ;
 In compassion now descend ;
 Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
 Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

3 In Thine own appointed way
 Now we seek Thee, here we stay ;
 Lord, we know not how to go
 Till a blessing Thou bestow.

4 Grant that all may seek and find
 Thee a God supremely kind ;
 Heal the sick, the captive free,
 Let us all rejoice in Thee. AMEN.

William Hammond, 1745.

2

mf 1 To Thy temple I repair ;
 Lord, I love to worship there,
 When within the veil I meet
 Christ before the mercy-seat.

2 While Thy glorious praise is sung,
 Touch my lips ; unloose my tongue,
 That my joyful soul may bless
 Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

3 While the prayers of saints ascend,
 God of love, to mine attend ;
 Hear me, for Thy Spirit pleads ;
 Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 From Thy house when I return,
 May my heart within me burn ;
 And at evening let me say,
 I have walked with God to-day. Amen.

James Montgomery

3 WHEN, STREAMING FROM THE EASTERN SKIES.

ONE. L. M. 6 lines.

W. F. SUDDS.

When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes,
 O sun of righteousness di - vine, On me with beams of mer - cy shine;
 Oh, chase the clouds of guilt a-way, And turn the darkness in - to day. A-MEN.

Constant Devotion.

p 2 When to heaven's great and glorious King

My morning sacrifice I bring,

dim And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name,

cr Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

p 3 When each day's scenes and labours close,

dim And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, Saviour, while I rest;

cr And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

p 4 And at my life's last setting sun,

dim My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
cr Jesus, Thine heavenly radiance shed,

To cheer and bless my dying bed;

f And from death's gloom my spirit raise,

F To see Thy face and sing Thy praise.

A-MEN.

W. Shrubsole.

Grace in Service.

mf Great God! this sacred day of Thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
With joy we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours;
Oh, may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!

Where God resides appear no more;
Omniscient God, Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
Oh, may Thy grace our hearts refine,
And fix our thoughts on things divine.

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart;

Oh, may Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace which calls us to Thy throne.

A-MEN.

A. Webb.

SOFTLY FADES THE TWILIGHT RAY.

SEYMOUR. 7s.

WEBER.

1. Soft - ly fades the twi - light ray Of the ho - ly Sab-bath day;
Gen - tly as life's set - ting sun, When the Christian's course is run. A-MEN.

- 5** *Sabbath Evening.*
- p 1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose
At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'T is the holy peace of God —
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.
- 4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.
- 5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

AMEN.
S. F. SMITH.

6 *The Holy Spirit.*

- 1 Light of life, seraphic Fire,
Love divine, Thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Enter every drooping heart; —

- 2 Every mournful sinner cheer;
Scatter all our guilty gloom;
Father! in Thy grace appear,
To Thy human temples come.
- 3 Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring Thy heavenly kingdom in,
Fill us with Thy glorious power,
Set us free from all our sin.
- 4 Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be Thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace.

AMEN.

C. WESLEY.

7 *Hymn at Parting.*

- mf* 1 Thou, from whom we never part,
Thou, whose love is everywhere,
Thou, who seest every heart,
dim Listen to our evening prayer.

- 2 Father, fill our hearts with love,
Love unfailing, full and free;
Love that no alarm can move,
Love that ever rests on Thee.

- 3 Heavenly Father! through the night
Keep us safe from every ill;
or Cheerful as the morning light,
May we wake to do Thy will.

AMEN.

LORD, DISMISS US WITH THY BLESSING.

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s, 7s, 4.

ITALIAN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, accompanied by a harmonic bass line below it. The bottom staff continues the melody in common time, with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written in Italian, alternating between the two staves. The first section of lyrics is:

Lord, dis - miss us with Thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;

Let us each Thy love pos - sessing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace.
Oh, re - fresh us, oh, re - fresh us, Travelling thro' this wil - der - ness. AMEN.

8

mp 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,
cr Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;

Let us each Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace.

|| : O refresh us, : ||

f Travelling thro' this wilderness.

f 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For Thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound ;
|| : Ever faithful : ||
To the truth may we be found.

f 3 So, whene'er the signal 's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
|| : May we ever : ||
Reign with Christ in endless day !

AMEN.

Walter Shirley, 1779.

9

mf 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jevovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
cr Hold me with Thy powerful hand ;
|| : Bread of heaven ! : ||
Feed me now and evermore.

f 2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do
flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through ;
|| : Strong deliverer ! : ||
Be Thou still my Strength and
Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling
current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
|| : Songs of praises : ||
I will ever give to Thee. AMEN.

William Williams, 1779.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE, MY GOD.

GABRIEL. S. M.

$\text{C} = 80.$

mf 1 Still, still with Thee, my God, I would de - sire to be : By day, by night, at home, a - broad, I would be still with Thee. A - MEN.

10 "Still with Thee."

- mf* 1 Still, still with Thee, my God,
I would desire to be :
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
I would be still with Thee.
2 With Thee when dawn comes in,
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With Thee, my God, in prayer.
dim 3 With Thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind ;
cr The setting, as the rising sun
With Thee my heart would find.
mf 4 With Thee, in Thee, by faith
Abiding I would be ;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with Thee.

AMEN.

J. D. Burns.

11 "Closing hour."

- mf* 1 Lord, at this closing hour,
Establish every heart
Upon Thy word of truth and power,
To keep us when we part.
mp 2 Peace to our brethren give ;
Fill all our hearts with love ;
In faith and patience may we live,
And seek our rest above.

- mf* 3 Through changes, bright or drear,
We would Thy will pursue ;
cr And toil to spread Thy kingdom
here,
f Till we its glory view.
f 4 To God, the only wise,
In every age adored,
Let glory from the church arise
Through Jesus Christ our Lord !

AMEN.

E. T. Fitch.

12 At dismissal.

- mf* 1 Once more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name !
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.
2 Lord, in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart ;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.
3 Still on Thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.
4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless Thy name :
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same. **AMEN.**

J. H.

SOFTLY NOW THE LIGHT OF DAY.

HOLLEY 7s.

GEO. HEWS.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way.
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would commune with Thee. A-MEN.

13

- p* 1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away.
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.
2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.
mp 3 Soon, for me, the light of day
p Shall for ever pass away;
cr Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee:
mp 4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from Thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

AMEN.

14

Separation.

- mf* 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer,
Tender Shepherd of Thy sheep!
Let Thy mercy and Thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 Then if Thou Thy help afford,
Joyful songs to Thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

J. Newton.

15

ABIDE WITH ME.

NEW EVENTIDE.

H. F. LYTE. W. F. SUDDS.

mf 1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide, *p* The dark - ness
mp 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; *p* Earth's joys grow
f 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; *cr* What but Thy
mp 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; *cr* Shine thro' the

ABIDE WITH ME.

deep-ens, Lord, with me a - bide. When oth - er help - ers fail and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way. Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who like Thy - self my guide and
gloom and point me to the skies. Heaven's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain
com - forts flee; f Help of the help-less, p Oh, a - bide with me.
round I see; mf O Thou who chang-est not, p a - bide with me.
stay can be? f Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, p a - bide with me.
shad-ows flee! dim In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me. A - MEN.

16

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

S. BARING GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

- p*
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh, . . .
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; . . .
 3. Thro' the long night-watch - es cr May Thine an - gels spread . . .
 - mf* 4. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise . . .
 - mf* 5. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son, . . .

Shad - ows of the even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - drest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove us, *p* Watch - ing round each bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
And to Thee, blest Spir - it, Whilst all a - ges run.

THE DAY IS PAST AND GONE.

TWILIGHT. S. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. The day is past and gone, The even-ing shades ap - pear, Oh,
 may we all re - mem - ber well The night of death draws near. A - MEN.

17 Home Hymn.

- mf* 1 The day is past and gone,
 The evening shades appear ;
cr Oh, may we all remember well
dim The night of death draws near !
- p* 2 We lay our garments by,
 Upon our beds to rest ;
 So death will soon disrobe us all
 Of what we here possessed.

- mp* 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
cr Secure from all our fears ;
mf May angels guard us while we sleep,
dim Till morning light appears.

- mf* 4 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of Thy love. AMEN.

J. Leland.

18 Sabbath Ended.

- m* 1 The day of praise is done ;
 The evening shadows fall ;
 Yet pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightest all !
- 2 Around Thy throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
 The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here ;
 Too soon of praise we tire ;
cr But oh, the strains how full and clear
 Of that eternal choir !

- mf* 4 Shine Thou within us, then,
 A day that knows no end,
 Till songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

AMEN.
A. Steele.

19 Evening.

- mf* 1 The swift declining day,
cr How fast its moments fly,
 While evening's broad and gloomy
 shade .
 Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace,
 And use the hours of light ;
 And know, its Maker can command
 At once eternal night.

- mf* 3 Give glory to the Lord,
 Who rules the whirling sphere ;
 Submissive at His footstool bow,
 And seek salvation there.

- 4 Then shall new lustre break
 Through death's impending gloom,
 And lead you to unchanging light,
 In your celestial home. AMEN.

P. Doddridge.

HOLY FATHER, HEAR MY CRY.

BLUMENTHAL. 7s D.

H. BONAR. J. BLUMENTHAL.

1. Ho - ly Fa-ther, hear my cry, Ho - ly Saviour, bend Thine ear; Ho-ly Spir-it,
 come Thou nigh, Father, Sa-viour, Spir-it, hear ! Father, save me from my sin, Saviour, I Thy
 mercy crave, Gracious Spirit, make me clean, Fa-ther, Son, and Spir-it, save. AMEN.

20

mf 1 Holy Father, hear my cry,
 Holy Saviour, bend Thine ear ;
 Holy Spirit, come Thou nigh,
 Father, Saviour, Spirit, hear !
 Father, save me from my sin,
 Saviour, I thy mercy crave,
 Gracious Spirit, make me clean,
 Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

mf 2 Father, let me taste Thy love,
dim Saviour, fill my soul with peace ;
cr Spirit, come my heart to move :
 Father, Son, and Spirit, bless !
mf Father, Son, and Spirit — Thou
cr One Jehovah, shed abroad
 All Thy grace within me now ;
 Be my Father and my God ! AMEN.

21 “Holy, holy, holy.”

mf 1 Holy, holy, holy Lord [earth,
 God of Hosts ! when heaven and
 Out of darkness, at Thy word
 Issued into glorious birth,

All Thy works before Thee stood,
 And Thine eye beheld them good,
 While they sung with sweet accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

2 Holy, holy, holy ! Thee,
 One Jehovah evermore,
 Father, Son, and Spirit ! we,
 Dust and ashes, would adore :
 Lightly by the world esteemed,
 From that world by Thee redeemed,
 Sing we here with glad accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord !

3 Holy, holy, holy ! all [sing
 Heaven's triumphant choir shall
 While the ransomed nations fall
 At the footstool of their King :
 Then shall saints and seraphim,
 Harps and voices, swell the hymn,
 Blending in sublime accord,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord ! AMEN.

er
f

THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON.

HEBRON. L. M.

MASON.

mf

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far His power pro-longs my days;
And ev-ery evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of His grace, A-MEN.

22

- 1 Thus far the Lord has led me on;
 Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
 Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home,
But He forgives my follies past,
or And gives me strength for days to
 come.

- p3* I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come,
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
cr And wait Thy voice to break my tomb,
f With sweet salvation in the sound.

AMEN.

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

FLOTOW. 8s. 7s. D.

Arr. from FLOTOW for this work.

mp

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of Heaven, to earth come down. Fix in

LOVE DIVINE, ALL LOVE EXCELLING.

me Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown. Je-sus, Thou art
 all com-passion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art; Vis-it us with Thy sal-
 va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trem-bl-ing heart, Enter every trem-bl-ing heart. A-MEN.

23

- mp* 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of Heaven, to earth come down;
 Fix in me Thy humble dwelling,
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, Thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Visit us with Thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.
- p* 2 Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in Thee inherit,
 Let us find Thy promised rest;
or Take away the love of sinning,
 Alpha and Omega be,—
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

mf 3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive;
 Suddenly return, and never;
 Never more Thy temples leave.
cr Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
 Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;
 Glory in Thy perfect love.

mf 4 Finish then Thy new creation,
 Pure and spotless let us be:
 Let us see Thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in Thee.
cr Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place:
 Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

A-MEN

HOW GENTLE GOD'S COMMANDS.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL

How gen - tle God's commands ! How kind His pre - cepts are ! Come, cast your
 bur - dens on the Lord, And trust His con - stant care. A - MEN.

24 "He careth."

p 1 How gentle God's commands !
 How kind His precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust His constant care.

p 2 Beneath His watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell ,
or That hand which bears creation up
 Shall guard His children well.

mf 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind ?
cr Haste to your heavenly Father's
 throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

mf 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day :
 I'll drop my burden at His feet.
f And bear a song away. **Amen.**
 P. Doddridge.

25 Psalm 137.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
 The house of Thine abode,
 The church our blest Redeemer saved
 With His own precious blood.

2 *I love Thy church, O God ;*
Her walls before Thee stand,

Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
 And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
 For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways,
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

6 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given

cr The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven. **Amen.**

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

26

mp 1 While my Redeemer's near,
 My Shepherd, and my Guide,
I bid farewell to every fear ;
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
or Where rich abundance grows,
 His gracious hand indulgent leads,
dim And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
mf My wandering feet restore ;
 And guard me with Thy watchful eye
 And let me rove no more. **Amen**

Anne Steele, 1780.

ARISE, YE SAINTS, ARISE.

LEIGHTON. S. M.

H. W. GREATOREX.

A - rise, ye saints, a - rise ! The Lord our Leader is ; The foe be -
fore His ban - ner flies, And vic - to - ry is His. A - MEN.

27

Psalm 60.

Arise, ye saints, arise !
The Lord our Leader is ;
The foe before His banner flies,
And victory is His.

mf 2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease ;
When we shall cast our arms away,
im And dwell in endless peace.

3 This hope supports us here ;
It makes our burdens light ;
'T will serve our drooping hearts to
cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.

4 Till, of the prize possessed,
We hear of war no more ;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore. **AMEN.**

T. Kelly.

28

Psalm 31.

mf 1 My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline ;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art love divine.

2 In Thee I place my trust ;
im On Thee I calmly rest :
f I know Thee good, I know Thee
just,
And count Thy choice the best.

3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform ;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee. **AMEN.**

H. F. Lyte.

29

Psalm 29.

mf 1 My eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord ;
I love to plead His promises,
dim And rest upon His word.

2 When shall the sovereign grace
Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dangerous
ways
My wandering feet have trod ?

3 Oh, keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame !
For I have placed my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

4 With humble faith I wait
To see Thy face again ;
Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
He sought the Lord in vain.

AMEN.
Watts.

SUN OF MY SOUL.

HURSLEY. S.M.

GERMAN.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;



Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A-MEN.



30

mf 1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

p 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

mf 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;

p 4 Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

mf 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

mf 5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,

p Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

cr 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere thro' the world our way we take ;

f Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

A.MEN.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

ST. GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus



ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Go - ing on be - fore, Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe.

REFRAIN.

Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go. Onward, Christian sol - diers,

Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Going on be - fore. A-MEN.

With the cross of

31

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.
 Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.

f 2 At the sign of triumph
 Satan's host doth flee ;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
 On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
 At the shout of praise ;

Brothers, lift your voices,
 Loud your anthems raise.
 Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
 All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.
 Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.
 Onward, etc. AMEN.

32 HOW BLEST THE RIGHTEOUS WHEN HE DIES.

REST. S. M.

W. F. SUDDES.

1. How blest the righteous when he dies,—When sinks a wea-ry soul to rest!

How mild-ly beam the closing eyes! How gently heaves the expiring breast! AMEN.

- 2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace pro-
found,
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
- 4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
er Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
dim "How blest the righteous when he
dies!" AMEN.

A. L. Barbauld.

33 Heaven alone unfading.

- mp 1 How vain is all beneath the skies!
How transient every earthly bliss!
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this!
- 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The withering grass, the fading
flower,
- cr Of earthly hopes are emblems true,—
dim The glory of a passing hour.
- 3 But, though earth's fairest blossoms
die,
And all beneath the skies is vain,

- cr There is a land whose confines lie
Beyond the reach of care and pain.*
- mf 4 Then let the hope of joys to come
Dispel our cares and chase our
fears:*
- If God be ours, we're traveling home,*
- dim Though passing through a vale of
tears.* AMEN.

D. E. Ford.

34 Psalm 17.

- mp 1 What sinners value I resign;*
Lord! t's enough that Thou art mine;
cr I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- f 2 This life's a dream — an empty show;*
But the bright world, to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me
there?
- 3 Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!*
I shall be near, and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- p 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,*
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains, with sweet
surprise,
- f And in my Saviour's image rise!* AMEN.

L. Watt.

35

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

JORDAN. C. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, key signature of B-flat major (two flats). The first staff starts with a forte dynamic (mf) and the second with a piano dynamic (p). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes in a cursive script.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign;
 E - ter - nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain. A - MEN.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes:
- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore. AMEN.

36 Heaven.

- mp* 1 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
or ||: And he that in God's kingdom comes:||
Must enter by this door.
- 2 Come, Lord, when grace hath made
me meet
Thy blessed face to see;

||: For if Thy work on earth be sweet,:||
What must Thy glory be!
mp 3 Then I shall end my sad complaints,
p And weary, sinful days,
cr ||: And join with the triumphant saints:||
To sing Jehovah's praise.
mf 4 My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim;
f ||: But 't is enough that Christ knows
all,:||
And I shall be with Him ! AMEN.

37

- m* 1 How long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies ?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
dim They fade upon the sight;
cr And quickly will their brightest day
dim Be lost in endless night.
- mf* 3 Their brightest day, alas ! how vain !
p With conscious sighs we own ;
p While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain
dim O'ershade the smiling noon.
- mf* 4 Oh, could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades ! AMEN.

JOY TO THE WORLD! THE LORD IS COME.

ANTIOCH. C. M.

Arranged.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come: Let earth re-ceive her King;

Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And

And heav'n and na-ture

heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na - ture sing. A-MEN.
sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing,

38

"The Lord reigneth."

f 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come :

Let earth receive her King ;

Let every heart prepare Him room,

And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns :

Let men their songs employ ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground ;

He comes to make His blessings flow

Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of His righteousness,

And wonders of His love. AMEN.

HARK! TEN THOUSAND HARPS AND VOICES.

EASTER. 8s & 7s.

W. F. SUDDS.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voic - es Sound the note of praise a - bove;
 Je - sus reigns, and heav'n re - joic - es; Je - sus reigns, the God of love:
 See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone. A-MEN.

39 "Jesus reigns."

f 1 Hark ! ten thousand harps and voices
 Sound the note of praise above ;
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices ;
 Jesus reigns, the God of love :
 See, He sits on yonder throne ;
 Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory ! reign for ever —
 Thine an everlasting crown ;
 Nothing, from Thy love, shall sever
 Those whom Thou hast made
 Thine own ;—
 Happy objects of Thy grace,
 Destined to behold Thy face.

3 Saviour ! hasten Thine appearing ;
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
 When, the awful summons hearing,
p Heaven and earth shall pass
 away ;—
f Then, with golden harps we'll sing,—
 "Glory, glory to our King !" **AMEN.**

40 *The return to heaven.*

f 1 Jesus comes, His conflict over,—
 Comes to claim His great reward ;
 Angels round the Victor hover,
 Crowding to behold their Lord ;
 Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring.
 Crown Him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne, for Him erected,
 Now becomes the Victor's seat ;
dim Lo, the Man on earth rejected !
 Angels worship at His feet :
f Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring,
or Crown Him, everlasting King.

f 3 Day and night they cry before Him,
 "Holy, holy, holy Lord !"
 All the powers of heaven adore
 Him,—
 All obey His sovereign word ;
 Haste, ye saints ! your tribute bring,
 Crown Him, everlasting King. **AMEN.**

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

L. MASON.

By permission of O. Ditson & Co.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

mf *A

41

- mf* 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee,
p E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me ;
cr Still all my song shall be,
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
- p* 2 Though like a wanderer,
 Weary and lone,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone ;
cr Yet in my dreams I'd be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee !
- mf* 3 There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;

er Angels to beckon me
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee !

mf 4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Altars I'll raise ;

cr So by my woes to be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee !

f 5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
dim Nearer, my God, to Thee,
p Nearer to Thee !

AMEN

**and Tenors should be very prominent from A to B, and from C to D.*

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

SECOND TUNE.

W. F. SUPPES.

mf

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee, E'en though it be a cross,

mp

That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

dim.

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! A - MEN.

42

"Heaven is home."

- p* 1 I'm but a stranger here,—
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,—
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
m. Heaven is my home.

- 2 What though the tempests rage?
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;

cr. And time's wild, wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast,
 I shall reach home at last,—

dim. Heaven is my home.

- 3 Therefore I murmur not, —
Heaven is my home ;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home ;
And I shall surely stand
er There, at my Lord's right hand ;
Heaven is my Fatherland,
dim. Heaven is my home. Amen.

BLEST BE THE TIE THAT BINDS.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts with Chris-tian love : The
 fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove. A-MEN.

43 "Christian Love."

- mf* 1 Blest be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love :
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers ;
dim. Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
 one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear ;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain ;
cr But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- f* 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way ;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- p* 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free,

f And perfect love and friendship
 reign
 Through all eternity. **AMEN.**
 J. Fawcett.

44 Christ's Presence.

- mf* 1 Jesus, we look to Thee,
 Thy promised presence claim ;
 Thou in the midst of us shalt be,
 Assembled in Thy name.
- 2 Not in the name of pride
 Or selfishness we meet ;
 From nature's paths we turn aside,
 And worldly thoughts forgot.
- 3 We meet the grace to take,
 Which Thou hast freely given ;
 We meet on earth for Thy dear sake,
 That we may meet in heaven.
- 4 Present we know Thou art,
 But, oh, Thyself reveal !
 Now, Lord, let every bounding heart
 Thy mighty comfort feel.
- 5 Oh, may Thy quickening voice
 The death of sin remove ;
 And bid our inmost souls rejoice,
 In hope of perfect love. **AMEN.**
 C. Wesley.

AWAKE, MY SOUL, STRETCH EVERY NERVE.

CHRISTMAS. C. M.

HANDEL.

1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - ry nerve, And press with vig - or on; A heav'ly
race demands thy zeal, And an im - mortal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown. A-MEN.

45

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around Hold thee in full survey ; Forget the steps already trod, And onward urge thy way.
 - 3 'T is God's all-animating voice That calls thee from on high ; 'T is His own hand presents the prize To thine aspiring eye ;
 - 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright, Which shall new lustre boast, [gems When victors' wreaths and monarchs' Shall blend in common dust.
 - 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee, Have I my race begun ; [feet And, crowned with victory, at Thy 'm I'll lay my honors down. AMEN.
- Philip Doddridge, 1775.

46

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name ?
- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ? Must I not stem the flood ? Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God ?

- 3 Sure I must fight if I would reign ; Increase my courage, Lord ; I'll bear the toil, endure the pain Supported by Thy word.
 - 4 When the illustrious day shall rise, And all Thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The glory shall be Thine. AMEN.
- Isaac Watts, 1709. alt.

47

- f 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend His cause ; Maintain the honor of His word, The glory of His cross.
 - 2 Jesus, my God ! I know His name, His name is all my trust ; Nor will He put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
 - 3 Firm as His throne His promise stands, And He can well secure What I've committed to His hands, Till the decisive hour.
 - 4 Then will He own my worthless name Before His Father's face, And in the new Jerusalem Appoint my soul a place. AMEN.
- Isaac Watts, 1709.

ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME!

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall ! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem.
 And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di-a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

48 "Lord of all."

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall ;
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from His altar call ;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall ;
 Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at His feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.
 E. Perronet.

49 Rev. 5. 13.

- f 1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their
 tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
- m 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus."
 er "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 dim "For He was slain for us."
- f 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever Thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
 And air, and earth and seas,
 Conspire to lift Thy glories high,
 And speak Thine endless praise.
 AMEN.

COME, MY SOUL, THY SUIT PREPARE.

DALLAS. 7s.

CHERUBINI.



1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer pray'r;



He, Him-self, has bid thee pray; Therefore will not say thee nay. AMEN.



50

f 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He, Himself, has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

f 2 Thou art coming to a King,—
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

m 3 With my burden I begin:
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right main-
tain,
And without a rival reign.

f 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

mf 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
dim Let me die Thy people's death.
AMEN.

51 *God everywhere.*

mf 1 They who seek the throne of grace
Find that throne in every place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

mp 2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
or If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

dim 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
or 'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

f 4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To Thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere. AMEN.

52

JESUS, AND SHALL IT EVER BE?

HOPE. L. M.

W. F. SUDDA.

mf 1. Je - sus, and shall it ever be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
m 2. Ashamed of Je-sus ! that dear friend *cr.* On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend ?
cr. A - shamed of Thee, whom an-gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end-less days?
 No; when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name. AMEN.

m × 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend
cr. On whom my hopes of heaven depend,
 No ; when I blush be this my shame,
dim. That I no more revere His name.

m × 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
 When I 've no guilt to wash away,
 No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.

x 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain ;
or And oh, may this my glory be,
f That Christ is not ashamed of me !

AMEN.

Joseph Grigg, 1765; alt. by Benj. Francis, 1787.

53

f 1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on ;
cr. March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy great Captain-Saviour's gone.

f 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
 Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sung the triumph when He rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign, [wait.
 And glittering robes for conquerors

• 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in almighty grace,
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in my glorious leader's praise.

AMEN.
Isaac Watts. 1709.

54

mf 1 So let our lips and lives express
 The holy gospel we profess,
 So let our works and virtues shine,
 To prove the doctrine all divine.

f 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
 The honors of our Saviour God,
 When His salvation reigns within,
 And grace subdues the power of sin.

x 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
 Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
 While justice, temperance, truth and
 love,
 Our inward piety approve.

x 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
 While we expect that blessed hope,
 The bright appearance of the Lord,
 And faith stands leaning on His word.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

**The small note, at beginning of above tune should be used only for those stanzas marked thus : x*

THROUGH EVERY AGE, ETERNAL GOD.

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Through ev - 'ry age, e - ter - nal God! Thou art our Rest, our safe a - bode;

High was Thy throne, ere heav'n was made, Or earth Thy hum - ble foot - stool laid. AMEN.

55 *Psalm 90.*

- mf* Through every age, eternal God !
Thou art our Rest, our safe A bode ;
High was Thy Throne, ere heaven was
made,
Or earth Thy humble footstool laid.
- 2 Long hadst Thou reigned, ere time
began,
Or dust was fashioned into man ;
And long Thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- p 3* Death, like an overflowing stream,
or Sweeps us away ; our life's a dream ;
p An empty tale ; a morning flower,
dim Cut down, and withered in an hour.
- m 4* Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
er Till Thine own grace, so rich, so free,
Fit us to die and dwell with Thee.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

56 "His Beloved sleep."

- m 1* Why should we start, and fear to die ?
What timorous worms we mortals
are !
- er* Death is the gate of endless joy,
dim And yet we dread to enter there.

- m 2* The pains, the groans, the dying strife
cr Fright our approaching souls away ;
dim We still shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- mf 3* Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings
in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.
- p 4* Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on His breast I lean my head,
dim And breathe my life out sweetly
there !

AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

57

- f 1* Sovereign of worlds, display Thy power ;
Be this Thy Zion's favored hour :
Oh, bid the morning star arise ;
Oh, point the heathen to the skies,
- 2 Set up Thy throne where Satan reigns,
In western wilds and eastern plains ;
Far let the gospel's sound be known ;
Make Thou the universe Thine own.
- 3 Speak, and the world shall hear Thy
voice ;
Speak, and the desert shall rejoice ;
Dispel the gloom of heathen night ;
Bid every nation hail the light. AMEN.

B. H. Draper, 1816.

58

MY DEAR REDEEMER, AND MY LORD.

SKERRITT. L. M.

W. F. SUDDE.

mf

1. My dear Re-deem-er, and my Lord, I read my du-ty in Thy word;
But in Thy life the law ap-pears Drawn out in liv-ing char-ac-ters. AMEN.

mf 2 Such was Thy truth and such Thy zeal,
Such deference to Thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
f I would transcribe and make them
mine.

mf 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of Thy prayer ;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
f Thy conflict, and Thy victory, too.

4 Be Thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here :
Then God, the Judge, shall own my
name

dim Among the followers of the Lamb.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

59

mf 1 How beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !

p 3 Oh, who like Thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility ?

mf 4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner
free,

Was pang and scoff and scorn to Thee;

Yet love through all Thy torture
glowed,

And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in Thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe !
And give me ever on the road
To trace Thy footsteps, Son of God !

AMEN.

Arthur C. Coxe, 1838, ab.

60

mf 1 How sweetly flowed the gospel sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered
round,
And joy and reverence filled the
place !

2 From heaven He came, of heaven He
spoke,
To heaven He led His followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night He broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

p 3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's
home ;
dim Come, all ye weary ones, and rest ;"
cr Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, 1856.

WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

HAMBURG. L. M.

GERMAN.

mf

1. When I sur-vey the won - drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died,

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. AMEN.

61 "The wondrous Cross."

- mf* 1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord ! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- p* 3 See, from His head, His hands, His
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
- cr* Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- p* 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- mf* 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
f Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

"For me."

- mf* 1 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me ;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through Him enriched might be.
- p* 2 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me :
There drank my cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.
- 3 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me ;
There paid my debt, there bore my load,
In His own body on the tree.
- 4 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
dim Went down into the grave for me ;
cr There overcame my enemies,
f There won the glorious victory.
- f* 5 'T is finished all : the veil is rent,
The welcome sure, the access free :—
Now then, we leave our banishment,
O Father, to return to Thee. Amen.

R. Bonar.

SOON MAY THE LAST GLAD SONG ARISE.

MISSIONARY SONG. L. M.

C. ZEUNER.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first two lines of the lyrics are: '1 Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Through all the mil - lions of the skies—' and 'That song of tri-umph which records That all the earth is now the Lord's! AMEN.' The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

63 *The last song.*

- f* 1 Soon may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's !
- 2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms
be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee !
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave Thou the sceptre of Thy reign!
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns !

AMEN.
Mrs. Voke.

64 *Missionary Convocation.*

- 1 Assembled at Thy great command,
Before Thy face, dread King, we stand ;
The voice that marshaled every star, .
Has called Thy people from afar.
- 2 We meet, through distant lands to spread
The truth for which the martyrs bled ;
Along the line, to either pole,
The thunder of Thy praise to roll.
- 3 Our prayers assist, accept our praise,
Our hopes revive, our courage raise ;
Our counsels aid, to each impart
The single eye, the faithful heart.

4 Forth with Thy chosen heralds come,
Recall the wandering spirits home ;
From Zion's mount send forth the sound,
To spread the spacious earth around.

AMEN.
W. B. Collyer.

65

- p* 1 Asleep in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus ! Oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its painful sting !
- 3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
cr Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
dim That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus ! Oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be !
Securely shall my ashes lie,
cr Waiting the summons from on high.
- p* 5 Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be ;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
dim From which none ever wakes to weep.

AMEN.

66

JESUS SHALL REIGN WHERE'ER THE SUN.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more. AMEN.

2 For Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
dim The weary find eternal rest,
cr And all the sons of want are blest.

f 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen !

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

67

mf 1 Though now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
f God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.

2 That light shall shine on distant lands,
And wandering tribes, in joyful bands,
Shall come, Thy glory, Lord, to see,
And in Thy courts to worship Thee.

3 O light of Zion, now arise,
Let the glad morning bless our eyes;
Ye nations, catch the kindling ray,
And hail the splendors of the day.

AMEN.

Leonard Bacon, 1823, a.

68

Psalm 72.

f 1 Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Now give the kingdom to Thy Son,
Extend His power, exalt His throne.

m 2 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall He send His influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

3 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shade of overspreading death,
cr Revive at His first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

f 4 The saints shall flourish in His days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from His throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

AMEN.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

69

OH, FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES TO SING.

VICTORY. C. M.

W. F. SUDDS.

Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My dear Re-deem-er's praise!
The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace! A-MEN.

Thanks for victory.

- 2 My gracious Master and my God !
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- m* 3 Jesus—the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease ;
cr 'T is music to my ravished ears ;
'T is life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 Let us obey, we then shall know,
Shall feel our sins forgiven ;
Anticipate our heaven below,
And own that love is heaven.

AMEN.
C. Wesley.

70

"Remember me."

- mf* 1 O Thou, from whom all goodness flows,
cr I lift my soul to Thee ;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
dim O Lord, remember me !
- m* 2 When on my aching, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart ;
Thus, Lord, remember me !

- m* 3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
cr Oh, let my strength be as my day —
Dear Lord, remember me !
- p* 4 When in the solemn hour of death
I wait Thy just decree,
cr Be this the prayer of my last breath :
Now, Lord, remember me ! AMEN.
T. Hawkin.

71

"Jesus only."

- m* 1 Jesus, the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast ;
But sweeter far Thy face to see
And in Thy presence rest.
- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O Hope of every contrite heart !
O Joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek !
- f* 4 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity. AMEN.
E. Caswell, Jr.

72

ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME.

TOPLADY. 7s. 6 lines.

T. HASTINGS.

mf

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;

dim.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy side a heal-ing flood,

cr.

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure. A-MEN.

- 2 Not the Labor of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

73

"Manifest thyself."

- m* 2 Son of God ! to Thee I cry :
dim By the holy mystery
m Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
cr By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyselv to me.
- mf* 2 Prince of Life ! to Thee I cry :
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
dim Meek to suffer, strong to save,
cr Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyselv to me.
- f* 3 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky !
With Thy love my bosom fill,
Prompt me to perform Thy will ;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

Amen.
R. M.

74

HASTEN, LORD! THE GLORIOUS TIME.

SPANISH HYMN. 7s D.

H. AUBER.



1. { Has - ten, Lord! the glo - ri - ous time When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway,
Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel's call o - bey.
2. { Then shall wars and tu - mu - lits cease, Then be ban - ished grief and pain;
Righteou - ness and joy and peace Un - dis - turbed shall ev - er reign. }



Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Heath - en tribes His name a - dore;
Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord; Ev - er praise His glo - ri - ous name;



Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.
All His might - y acts re - cord; All His wondrous love pro - claim. A - MEN.



75

SAVIOUR WHEN, IN DUST TO THEE.

TOWNLEY. 7s D.

W. F. SUDDS.



Saviour, when, in dust to Thee, Low we bow th' a - dor - ing knee, When re - pent - ant



SAVIOUR WHEN, IN DUST TO THEE.

to the skies, Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes ; Oh, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for
man be-low. Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn Lit - a - ny. A - MEN.

mf 2 By Thy birth and early years,
By Thy human griefs and fears,
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power ;
dim Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
p Hear our solemn litany.

mf 3 By Thy conflict with despair,
By Thine agony of prayer,
dim By the purple robe of scorn,
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy cross, Thy pangs, and cries,
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus, look with pitying eye ;
Hear our solemn litany.

pp 4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
cr By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save ;
f Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
mf Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
p Hear our solemn litany. AMEN.

76 "Son of Mary."
p 1 When our heads are bowed with woe ;—
When our bitter tears o'flow ;—
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

mf Thou our feeble flesh hast worn ;
dim Thou our mortal griefs hast borne ;
p Thou hast shed the human tear :
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

mp 2 When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
Thou, the shame, the grief hast known ;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear :
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !

p 3 When our eyes grow dim in death ;
When we heave the parting breath ;
When our solemn doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear !
Thou hast bowed the dying head ;
Thou the blood of life hast shed ;
Thou hast filled a mortal bier :
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear ! AMEN.
R. Heber.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

MARTYN. 7s D.

S. B. MARSH.

p. 1. { Je-sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly; . . . }
cr. { While the bil-lows near me roll, While the tempest still is high: . . . }

Hide me, O my Sav-iour! hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the hav-en guide, Oh, receive my soul at last. . . . **A-MEN.**

77

p. 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly;
cr. While the billows near me roll,
 While the tempest still is high:
 Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
 Till the storm of life is past,
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

mf 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
p. Leave, ah! leave me not alone,

cr. Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
p. With the shadow of Thy wing.
mf 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
cr. Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
f Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. **AMEN.**

ON THE MOUNTAIN'S TOP APPEARING.

ZION. 8, 7, & 4s.

mf

T. HASTINGS.
dim.

1. { On the mountain's top ap-pear-ing, Lo ! the sacred her-ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on long in hostile lands : } Mourning captive !
God Himself shall loose Thy bands, Mourning cap-tive ! God Him-self shall loose Thy bands. AMEN.

78 *The gospel herald.*

- mf* 1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands :
dim Mourning captive !
cr God Himself shall loose Thy bands.
mp 2 Has Thy night been long and mournful ?
Have Thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have Thy foes been proud and scornful ?
By Thy sighs and tears unmoved ?
Cease Thy mourning ;
cr Zion still is well beloved.
mf 3 God, Thy God, will now restore
Thee ;
He Himself appears thy Friend ;
All thy foes shall flee before thee ;
Here their boasts and triumphs end :
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

AMEN.
T. Kelly.

(39)

79 *Sun of Righteousness.*

- p* 1 O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Cheered by no celestial ray,
or Sun of righteousness ! arising,
Bring the bright, the glorious day ;
Send the gospel
To the earth's remotest bound.
mf 2 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,—
Grant them, Lord ! the glorious light :
And, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

- f* 3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel !
Win and conquer, never cease ;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase ;
Sway Thy sceptre,
Saviour ! all the world around.

AMEN.
W. Williams.

OH, HAPPY DAY, THAT FIXED MY CHOICE.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

Arr. from RIMBAULT.

1. { Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-iour, and my God : }
 Well may this glow-ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

REFRAIN.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je-sus wash'd my sins a - way. { He taught me
 And live re -

how to watch and pray. } Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Jesus washed my sins a - way. AMEN.
 joic-ing ev - 'ry day. }

80

Deut. 33 : 29.

1 O happy day, that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour, and my God :
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its rapture all abroad.

REFRAIN.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To Him who merits all my love :
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

REFRAIN.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done :
 I am my Lord's and He is mine :

He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.

REFRAIN.

4 Now, rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre rest ;
 With ashes who would grudge to part,
 When called on angel's bread to feast.

REFRAIN.

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear ;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

AMEN

REFRAIN.

Philip Doddridge, 1705.

DAYS AND MOMENTS QUICKLY FLYING.

DORRANCE. 8s. 7s.

WOODBURY.

By per. of the Oliver Ditson Co.



Days and mo-ments quick-ly fly - ing Blend the liv - ing with the dead;



Soon shall we who sing, be ly - ing, Each with-in our nar - row bed. AMEN.



81 *Last Day of the year.*

mp 1 Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead ;
p Soon shall we who sing be lying,
dim Each within our narrow bed.

m 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them
er Will have sped their rapid flight ;
dim Able now by grace to save them,
mf Oh, that while we can we might !

mf 3 Jesus, infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mighty frame ;
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
dim What we are, and whence we came:-

m 4 Whence we came, and whither wend-
ing ;
dim Soon we must through darkness go,
er To inherit bliss unending,
dim Or eternity of woe. AMEN.

E. Caswall.

82

m 1 God is love ; His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
cr Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens ;
dim God is wisdom, God is love.

m 2 Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
cr But His mercy waneth never ;
dim God is wisdom, God is love.

p 3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove ;
cr From the gloom His brightness
streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

m 4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above :
Everywhere His glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

AMEN.

Sir John Bowring, M.A.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

PORtUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING.

mf

How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord Is laid for your faith in His

or

ex-cel-lent word; What more can He say, than to you He hath said, To you who for

x

refuge to Je-sus hath fled, To you who for re-fuge to Jesus hath fled. AMEN.

83

mf 2 Fear not, I am with thee ; O, be not dismayed !
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;
or I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

mf 3 When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 Even down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love ;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake !

AMEN.

K. Rippon's Selection, 1787.

COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

F. GIARDINI.



Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise:



{ Fa-ther all glo - ri-ous, } Come, and reign o - ver us, Ancient of Days. AMEN.
O'er all vic - to - ri-ous,



84

2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend :
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success :
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour :
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart ;
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power.

4 To the great One in Three,
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

AMEN.

Charles Wesley, 1757.

85 “Worthy the Lamb!”

f 1 Glory to God on high !
Let heaven and earth reply,
“Praise ye His name !”
His love and grace adore,
dim Who all our sorrows bore ;
cr Sing loud for evermore,
“Worthy the Lamb !”

f 2 While they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising His name, —
Ye who have felt His blood
Sealing your peace with God,
Sound His dear name abroad,
“Worthy the Lamb !”

3 Join, all ye ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless ;
Praise ye His name !
In Him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
“Worthy the Lamb !”

AMEN.

3. AMEN.

MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE.

AMERICA. 6s, 4s.

H. CARY.

1. My country, 't is of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing : Land where my
 fathers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride ! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let freedom ring. AMEN.

86

f 1 My country, 't is of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing :
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain-side
 Let freedom ring !

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love :
 I love Thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills ;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

ff 3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song ;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

f 4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing ;
ff Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us with Thy might,
 Great God, our King ! AMEN.
 S. F. Smith, 1833.

87

f 1 God bless our native land !
 Firm may she ever stand,
 Through storm and night :
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of wind and wave,
 Do Thou our country save
 By Thy great might !

2 For her our prayer shall rise
 To God, above the skies ;
 On Him we wait :
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guarding with watchful eye,
 To Thee aloud we cry,
 God save the State ! AMEN.
 John S. Dwight, 1844.

88

SOFTLY FADES THE SUNSET SPLENDOR.

VESPER HYMN.

W. F. SUDDS.

p 1. Soft - ly fades the sun - set splen - dor, And the light of day grows
mp 2. Day by day comes rich in bless - ing, Night by night brings ho - ly,

dim.

dim cr. We to Thee our prais - es ren - der, Sing we
 grows dim. calm cr. Lord, to Thee our praise ad - dress-ing, Ris - es
 ho - ly calm.

dim.

thus, our ves - per Hymn Ju - bi - la - te,
 sing we thus our ves - per hymn.
 thus, with joy - ful sound
 ris - es thus, with joy - ful sound. Ju - bi - la - te, Ju - bi -

mf

Ju - bi - la - te, A - men, A - men, A - men.
 la - te, Ju - bi - la - te, A - men. A - MEN.

GOSPEL SONGS.

89

THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

W.M. L. BLAKESLEE.

CARL BRUCHE.

SOLO.



1. The an - gels are wait - ing the news to re - ceive, When
2. I wish I could sing like the an - gels a - bove, Or



sin - ners of earth, on the Sav - iour be - lieve; There's loud Hal - le - lu - jahs in
speak like some oth - ers of Christ and His love; I on - ly can pray that our



heav - en, we're told, When sin - ners re - pent - ant come in - to the fold.
sing - ing may preach, While there's a poor sin - ner, God's mer - cy to reach.



THE ANGELS ARE WAITING.

CHORUS.

The an - gels a - bove their bright mel - o - dies sing, When
 sin - ners be - lieve in Lord, Je - sus, their King, They
 chant forth their prais - es, to Fath - er and Son, As
 sin - ners be - lieve in the Cru - ci - fied One.

3 The depth of that mercy we never may know,
 It reaches from heaven to earth here below;
 And picks up the sinner from mire and from clay,
 And sends him rejoicing to go on his way. CHO.

4 The riches of earth, they will soon pass away,
 The pleasures of sin, they are but for a day;
 The riches of grace, that to you may be given,
 Will make you an heir to the riches of heaven. CHO.

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, MARCH ON.

ALICE M. SCHOFF.

J. E. M.



1. Sol - diers of Christ, march on, March on in ar - mor clad, With
 2. Not steel, thy buck - ler strong, Thy hem - let and thy shield; But
 3. Then, sol - diers brave, march on, March on to vic - to - ry; Sin



shield and buck - ler gird - ed strong, With bat - tle - cry most glad.
 right - eous - ness and faith in God A might - ier pow'r can wield.
 o - ver-thrown, Right tri - umph-ing With pa - tience we shall see.



REFRAIN.

March on,

march on,

song, . . .



March on, march on, march on, march on, With ban-ner and with song, with song, And



as we march, we sing His praise, To whom all praise be - longs, be - longs.



HAIL THIS HAPPY DAY.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Hail the happy day return-ing, Lift to God the voice of joy;
 2. For the Word of life e - ter - nal, For the mer - cies by the way,
 3. By and by in heav - 'nly man - sions, Stand-ing with the ran-somed throng,



Young and old in Him re - joic - ing, Let His praise your tongues em - ploy.
 For the hope of fu - ture bless - ing, Bring we here our thanks to - day.
 May we all be found u - nit - ing, In the "no - bler, sweet - er song."



REFRAIN.

Sing a - loud,



Sing a - loud, Sing a-loud, send the ech - oes far and
 Sing a - loud, Sing a - loud,



wide, For the Father's lov-ing-kind-ness With us ev - er shall a - bide.

far and wide,



ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.

GEO. F. ROOT.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
 2. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -
 3. A - long the Riv - er of Time we glide, A - long the Riv - er, a -

long the Riv - er, The swift - ly flow - ing, re - sist - less tide, The
 long the Riv - er, A thou - sand dan - gers its cur - rents hide, A
 long the Riv - er, Our Sav - iour on - ly our bark can guide, Our

swift - ly flow - ing, the swift - ly flow - ing, And soon, ah, soon, the
 thou - sand dan - gers, a thou - sand dan - gers, And near our course the
 Sav - iour on - ly, our Sav - iour on - ly, But with Him we se -

end we'll see, Yes, soon 'twill come and we will be Float - ing,
 rocks we see, Oh, dread - ful tho't! a wreck to be Float - ing,
 cure may be, No fear, no doubt, but joy to be Float - ing,

ALONG THE RIVER OF TIME.

Float-ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty, Float-ing,
 Float - ing, Float - ing,

rit.

Float-ing, Out on the sea of e - ter - ni - ty.
 Float - ing, Float - ing,

93

OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Not too fast.

1. Oh, we are vol-un-teers in the ar-my of the Lord, Form-ing in - to
2. The glo-ry of our flag is the em-blem of the dove Gleaming are our
3. Our foes are in the field, pressing hard on ev -'ry side, En -vy, an - ger,
4. Oh, glo-rious is the strug-gle in which we draw the sword, Glorious is the

line at our Cap-tain's word; We are un - der marching or - ders to
 swords from the forge of love; We go forth, but not to bat - tle for
 ha - tred, with self and pride; They are cru - el, fierce, and strong, ev - er
 king - dom of Christ our Lord; It shall spread from sea to sea, it shall

OH, WE ARE VOLUNTEERS.



take the bat - tle field, And we'll ne'er give o'er the fight till the foe shall yield.
earth - ly hon - ors vain, 'Tis a bright im - mor-tal crown that we seek to gain.
read - y to at - tack, We must watch and fight and pray, if we'd drive them back.
reach from shore to shore, And His peo-ple shall be bless - ed for ev - er - more.



REFRAIN.



Come and join the ar - my, the ar - my of the Lord, Je - sus is our



Cap - tain, we ral - ly at His word; Sharp will be the con - flict



with the pow'rs of sin, But with such a lead - er we are sure to win.



WHEN JESUS COMES.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Down life's dark vale we wan - der, Till Je - sus comes; We watch and
2. Oh, let my lamp be burn - ing When Je - sus comes; For Him my
3. No more heart-pangs or sad-ness, When Je - sus comes; All peace and
4. All doubts and fears will van - ish, When Je - sus comes; All gloom His



wait and won - der, Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing,
 soul be yearn - ing, When Je - sus comes.
 joy and glad - ness, When Je - sus comes.
 face will ban - ish, When Je - sus comes.



When Je - sus comes; All praise thro' heav-en ring-ing, When Je-sus comes. All beau - ty



bright and ver - nal, When Je-sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.



5 He'll know the way was dreary,
 When Jesus comes;
 He'll know the feet grew weary,
 When Jesus comes.—CHO.

6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,
 When Jesus comes;
 Oh, how His arms will rest me!
 When Jesus comes.—CLOS.

95

"HIM THAT COMETH TO ME."

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.



1. 'T is a prom - ise sweet to me From my Sav - iour and my
2. Tho' for years I've wan - dered on Heed-ing not that voice of
3. I will go to Him and say, Take me, Je - sus, I am



Lord; Tho' a sin - ner I may be, He hath writ-ten in His word, His word.
love, Still sal - va - tion may be won, And a home with Him a - bove, a - bove.
Thine; He will wash my sins a - way, He will cleanse this heart of mine, of mine.



REFRAIN.



"Him that com - eth to me, to me, Him that com - eth to



me, to me, Him that com - eth to me I will in no wise cast out."



FORTH TO THE FIGHT.

W. F. SUDDS.

Vigoroso.

1. *f* Forth to the fight, ye ransomed, Mighty in God's own might;
 2. *mf* Fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol-low where He has trod;
 3. *p* Arm ye a-against the bat-tle, Watch ye, and fast, and pray;
 4. *f* Fight, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids you fight;

1. Forth to the fight, to the fight, ye ransomed Mighty, mighty in God's own might;
 2. Fear not, fear not the din of bat-tle, Fol-low, follow, where He has trod;
 3. Arm ye, arm ye a - gainst the bat-tle, Watch ye, watch ye, and fast, and pray;
 4. Fight for the Lord, for the Lord is o'er you, Fight, for He bids, He bids you fight;

Stemming the tide of bat-tle, Rout-ing the hosts of night.
 Per - fect-ing strength in weakness— Je - sus, in - car - nate God.
 Peace shall succeed the war - fare, Night shall be changed to day.
 There where the fray is thick-est, Close with the hosts of night.

Stemming the tide, the tide of bat-tle, Routing the hosts of night.
 Per - fect-ing, perfecting, strength in weakness, Je - sus, in - car - nate God.
 Peace shall succeed, shall succeed the war - fare. Night shall be changed to day.
 There where the fray, where the fray is thick - est, Close with the hosts of night.

REFRAIN.

f Lift ye the blood-red ban - ner, Wield ye the vic-tor's sword,

f Lift ye, lift ye the blood-red ban-ner, Wield ye, wield ye the victors sword,

f Raise ye the Chris-tian's war - cry, The cross of Christ the Lord.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

J. NICHOLSON.

BARITONE SOLO.

C. A. HAVENS. Op. 31.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . To its glo - ries I
 2. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . I shall en - ter it
 3. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . Then why should I
 4. There's a beau - ti - ful land on high, . . . And my kin - dred its

ORGAN.

fain would fly, — . . . When by sor - row pressed down, I
 by and by; . . . There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall
 fear to die, . . . When death is the way to the
 bliss en - joy, . . . Me - - thinks I now see how they're

PED.

MAN.

long for my crown, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .
 walk on the strand, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .
 realms of the day, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .
 wait - ing for me, In that beau - ti - ful land on high. . .

PED.

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

REFRAIN.

In that beau-ti - ful land I'll be, . . . From earth and its cares set free, My
I'll be, set free,

for me.

Je - sus is there, He's gone to pre-pare A place in that land for me. . .
for me.

98

HE REDEEMED ME.

Theme, CH. H. CARROL.

Chorus, GEO. F. ROOT.

G. F. R.

1. Would you know why Christ, my Sav-iour, Is my con - stant theme and
2. Oh, the days are full of glad-ness That I spend in His em -
3. Come, be - lov - ed, bow be - fore Him, Seek the par - don of your

song? Why to seek his lov - ing fa-vor Is my joy the whole day long?
ploy! I can ban - ish care and sadness In that song of heavenly joy.
King, That on earth you may a-dore Him, And with saints in glo - ry sing.

HE REDEEMED ME.

He redeemed me,

He re-deemed me,

CHORUS.

He redeemed me

He redeemed me, How the

He re -

ran-somed choir re - peat it o'er and o'er!

O'er, re-peat it o'er!

deemed me,

He re-deemed me,

He re-deemed me.

He re-deemed me, Glo - ry,

more.

glo - ry be to Him for - ev - er - more, for - ev - er - more.

more.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

Words and music by G. F. R.



safe - ty I stand, What tho' the storms and the tem - pests may beat,
 shield me from harm, Then t'was I found in the broad des - ert way
 mill - ion may stand, Each one may feel that his hope here is sure,



REFRAIN.



What tho' the sun pour its fierce noon-tide heat:
 Christ as my Rock and with glad-ness could say: Shel - tered by Thee,
 Each one may say in his safe - ty se - cure:



shel - tered by Thee, Here in the shad - ows from dan - ger I'm free.



THEME — B. S. B.

K. W. BURT.



1. "On - ly be - lieve" the Sa - viour is call - ing, Soft - ly from heaven His
2. Take thou His yoke, 'tis ea - sy to wear it, He'll give thee grace with
3. What tho' the foes in le - gions as - sail thee, Strong is the arm which



sweet words are fall - ing, Look to the Cross, the par-don re - ceive,
gladness to bear it, Learn thou His will and wis-dom re - ceive, Take what He
nev - er will fail thee, Call for His help and strength thou'l re-ceive,



REFRAIN.



of-fers thee, "On - ly be - lieve." On - ly be - lieve, on - ly be - lieve, 'Tis



full, free sal - va - tion that thou may'st re - ceive, On - ly be - lieve,



ONLY BELIEVE.

on - ly be - lieve, Oh, take what He of - fers thee, on - ly be - lieve.

101

FROM THE DEEP STAR-LADEN SKY.

CHRISTMAS.

CLARA L. BURNHAM.

Moderato.

G. F. ROOT.

1. From the deep star-lad-en sky Fell the in - cense down the
2. Stood the sheph-erds in the night, List -'ning spell-bound to the
3. So with peace,good will on earth, Comes the ho - ly Christ-mas

air; Gold - en cen-sers swinging high To the sound of mu-sic rare.
song That with more than earthly might Rolled the hap - py vales a - long.
tide, Bless - ed day of Je - sus' birth, Spread its glo - ries far and wide.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God, and good will to men!

SO WILL I COMFORT YOU.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.



1. Oh, sor - row - ing mor - tal, why still de - spair, The Fa - ther will
 2. Thy tears He will change in - to jew - els bright, Thy sighs will be
 3. His mer - cy en - dur - eth while worlds de - cay, His pit - y doth



glad - ly be - stow A ten - der com - pas - sion for all thy care, A
 turned in - to song; Where now there is darkness there shall be light, The
 ev - er a - bide; He's ten - der - ly call - ing for thee to - day, From



REFRAIN.



balm for thy ev - er - y woe.
 weak thro' His pow - er be strong. "As one whom his moth - er
 o - ver the crys - tal tide.



com - fort - eth, So will I com - fort you, . . . So



com - fort you,

SO WILL I COMFORT YOU.

Musical score for "So Will I Comfort You." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "will, . . . So will, . . . So will I com - fort you." are written below the notes. The music concludes with a repeat sign and a bassoon-like instrument symbol.

will I comfort, So will I comfort,

103

THE NEW SONG.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Allegretto.

Musical score for "The New Song." It features two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics of the first five lines of the hymn are provided. The music ends with a repeat sign and a bassoon-like instrument symbol.

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stands a great throng In the presence of
 2. All these once were sin-ners, de - filed in His sight, Now arrayed in pure
 3. He mak-eth the reb - el a priest and a king, He hath bought us and
 4. How help-less and hopeless we sin-ners had been, If He nev - er had
 5. A - loud in His prais-es our voi - ces shall ring, So that oth-ers be-

REFRAIN.

Musical score for the refrain of "The New Song." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "Je - sus, and sing this new song : gar-ments in praise they u - nite. taught us this new song to sing loved us till cleansed from our sin. liev - ing, this new song shall sing." are provided. The music ends with a repeat sign and a bassoon-like instrument symbol.

Un - to Him who hath loved us and

Musical score for the continuation of "The New Song." It consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics "washed us from sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for - ev - er. A - men." are provided. The music ends with a bassoon-like instrument symbol.

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.



1. O'er the drear-y moun - tains, Thro' the sleet and cold, Seek - ing for the
 2. Prod - i - gal re - turn - ing, Shout the glad re - frain, Fa - ther's heart is
 3. Joy a - mong the an - gels For a heart de - praved Has been brought to



REFRAIN.



- lost ones That have left the fold.
 burn - ing, Lost, but found a - gain. "For the Son of man is come to seek and
 Je - sus, And a soul is saved.



THAT WHICH WAS LOST.

Musical score for 'THAT WHICH WAS LOST.' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

save, Seek and save that which was lost."
seek and save,

105

WHY DELAY?

Words and Music by G. F. R.

Musical score for 'WHY DELAY?' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

1. Why de-lay to make your peace with heav'n's e - ter - nal King? Why de-lay the
2. Why de-lay to leave the husks on which your soul has fed? Why re-fuse the
3. Why de-lay to turn your feet to - ward your Fa-ther's door? Why de-lay to
4. Hear ye not His plead-ing, hear ye not His Spir - it's power? Broth-er, why not

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'WHY DELAY?' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

par - don that the pray'r of faith will bring?
gracious hand that holds the heav-enly bread? Why de-lay, why de-lay? no
en - ter there and sor - row nev - er - more?
give yourself to Him this ver - y hour?

Musical score for the final section of 'WHY DELAY?' featuring two staves of music. The top staff is in G major and the bottom staff is in C major. The lyrics are integrated into the music:

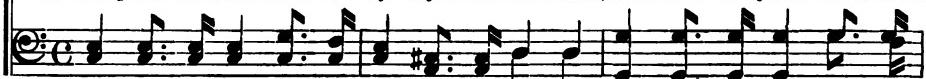
better time will come, Accept His call and find in Him, a Resting Place, a home.

M. J. SMITH.

J. R. MURRAY.



1. Cling to the Bi - ble, tho' all else be ta - ken; Lose not its prom - is - es
 2. Cling to the Bi - ble, this jew - el, this treasure Brings to us hon - or and
 3. Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have wandered, Guide for the youth that would



prec - ious and sure; Souls that are sleep - ing its ech - oes a - wak - en,
 saves fall - en man; Pearl whose great val - ue no mor - tal can meas - ure,
 oth - er - wise fall; Hope for the sin - ner whose best days are squandered,



REFRAIN.



Drink from the foun - tain, so peace - ful and pure.
 Seek and se - cure it, O soul, while you can. Cling to the Bi - ble!
 Staff for the a - ged, and best book of all.



Cling to the Bi - ble! Cling to the Bi - ble, Our Lamp and our Guide.



REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.



1. Thou hast called me, bless-ed Sav - iour, To be - come a child of
 2. I am will - ing to be - stow Thee All my best and pur - est
 3. I will live for Thee, dear Sav - iour, Watch and pray a - gainst all



Thine, And to bring in con - se - cra - tion Un - to Thee this heart of mine.
 love; Make it warm, and pure, and fer - vent, Like the love of saints a - bove.
 sin; And by pure and good ex - am - ple Strive some souls to Thee to win.



REFRAIN.



What I have and what I am, All I con - se - crate to



Thee, Take my heart, the gift I bring, And be - stow Thy grace on me.



T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF, by per.



1. I've a guide, tho' the way be long, I've a friend, tho' the world be cold ;
 2. Thro' the cloud-land of hope I see Beaming straight from the throne of grace
 3. Not a doubt does my fond heart know, Not a fear lin - gers in my breast,



There's an arm that I know is strong, That safe to my own doth hold.
 Mer - cy's star, and it brings to me All the light of His ho - ly face.
 Trust-ing still in His love I go On my way to that home of rest.



REFRAIN.



He will show me the path-way of life, Lead-ing up to a



ful - ness of joy At the right hand of the throne, When this



THE PATHWAY OF LIFE.



109

ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per -
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per -
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per -



suaed" Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 suaed" Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An-gels are
 suaed," Doom comes at last! "Al-most" can not a - vail; "Al-most" is



go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 ling - ring near, Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear: Oh, wand - rer, come.
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

Rev. ELIAS NASON.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. 'Mid trou-bles and dan-gers that dark-en my way, As on - ward thro' life's
 3. When o'er the lone o - cean the wild surg-es roll, And tem - pests tre - men -
 3. In - con-stant and wayward, I grieve that I am, But hid in my heart
 4. And oh, when I pass thro' the shade that shall close In si - lence pro-found
 5. Then ris - ing in splen - dor the hosts to be - hold, Who sound His high prais -

tangled path-way I stray, I turn from the scenes that sur-round me and sing,
 dous de-scend from the pole, Thro' the con-flict I hear the sweet har-mony spring :
 is the love of the Lamb, Whate'er be the an-guish, the ech - oes still ring :
 o'er these brief mor-tal woes, Be this my last-song, to my God as I cling :
 es on vi - ols of gold, Ex - ult - ant my tongue in His pres - ence shall sing :

There is peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King, There is
 There is peace, etc.
 There is peace, etc.
 There is peace, etc.
 There is peace, etc.

peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King, There is peace, O my soul, There is

THE SMILE OF THE KING.



peace, O my soul, There is peace, O my soul, in the smile of the King.



111

NO OTHER NAME.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known; The on - ly sure foun -
2. One on - ly door of heav-en Stands o - pen wide to - day, One sac - ri - fice is
3. My on - ly song and sto - ry Is—Je - sus died for me; My on - ly hope of



CHORUS.



da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner Stone. No oth - er name is giv - en, No giv - en, 'Tis Christ, the liv - ing way.
glo - ry, The Cross of Cal - va - ry.



oth - er way is known 'Tis Je - sus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.



112 ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?

T. P. W.

THOS. P. WESTENDORF.

1. Are you one of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er? All
 2. Are you one of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er? Or
 3. If you're not of the "nine - ty and nine," broth - er, Oh,

sheltered from dan - ger un - told? Is Je - sus a shew - herd of
 are you the one that is lost? Have you left this dear Sav - iour of
 stop just a mo - ment and think, There is death in that path-way of

thine, brother? Are you safe in the heav - en - ly fold? Do you
 mine, brother? Oh, think of the ter - ri - ble cost. Are your
 - thine, brother, And fast you are near - ing the brink; But

trust in the lov - ing One call - ing To those who have wan - dered a -
 poor wea - ry feet torn and bleed - ing From wand'ring in rough paths of
 Je - sus stands read - y to save you, His mer - cy is just as of

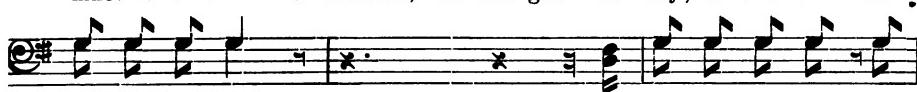
ARE YOU ONE OF THE NINETY AND NINE?



REFRAIN.



Are you one of the nine - ty and



nine - ty and nine,

No lon - ger de - lay,



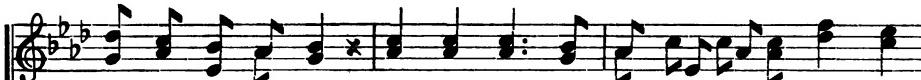
CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!

W. HOYLE.

Arr. from H. RUSSELL.



1. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is good and glo - rious, Spread it wide, our
2. Cheer, boys, cheer! the na - tion is a - wak - ing, Thou-sands rise to
3. Cheer, boys, cheer! the glo - rious re - form-a - tion, Who can tell the



na - tion to re - store; Cheer, boys, cheer! for truth shall be vic - to - rious,
snap the ty-rant's chain. Brave true hearts the tempter's cup for - sak - ing,
blessings yet in store, Wait - ing for the chil-dren of our na - tion,



Firm to our pledge, let us la - bor ev - er-more. Raise proud songs in
Fight-ing for truth they will con-quer yet a - gain. Thro' the land let
When sor-row's past and the ty - rant is no more. An - gel choirs with



proud-est ex - ul - ta - tion, Temp'rance mild shall gain her peaceful sway,
free-men all as - sem - ble, Sol - diers brave, de - vo - ted to our cause,
hal - le - lu - jahs peal-ing, E - den's bowers brought back to earth a - gain.



CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!



Hearts and homes make brighter thro' the na - tion, Re - flect-ing her bless-ings like
Foes of truth be - fore our arms shall tremble, And proud-ly the na - tion en -
Love and truth each hu-man heart re - veal-ing, O Spir - it of Temp'rance come



REFRAIN.



gold - en beams of day.
joy true temp'rance laws. Cheer, boys, cheer! our cause is great and glo - rious,
swift-ly, come and reign.



Spread it wide, our na - tion to re - store; Cheer, boys, cheer! for



truth shall be vic - to - rious, Firm to our pledge, let us la - bor ev - er - more.



HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Thou art go-ing now from our friend-ly sight, The thoughtless world to meet;
 2. Thou art go-ing now from our friend-ly sight, Doubt may be o'er thy way;
 3. Ere thou go-est out from our friend-ly sight, On Je-sus' name be-lieve;



Sin is wait-ing there, like a wrecker's light, To lure a-way thy feet.
 Liv-id fires of e-vil are burn-ing bright To lead thy feet a-stray.
 Here a-lone the glow of the heav-ly light, That shines not to de-ceive.



We have called to thee in the Saviour's name, On our hearts thy soul we
 By the mem-ries sweet of a moth-er's name, And a fa-ther's watch-ful
 For the sake, O then, of Im-manuel's name, And the love the cross did



bear; Ere thou turn-est a-way from the al-tar's flame, O, seek thy God in pray'r.
 care; Ere thou, etc.
 bear; Ere thou, etc.



115

WHY DO YOU WAIT?

G. F. R.

GEO. F. ROOT.



1. Why do you wait dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long ? Your
 2. What do you hope dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay ? There's
 3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir - it now striv-ing with with-in ? Oh,
 4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The har - vest is pass-ing a - way, Your



Sav-iour is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
 why not ac - cept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
 Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.



REFRAIN.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now.



ETERNITY!

MRS. ELLEN M. H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;
 2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
 3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voi - ces, loud and low,
 4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,

We are wea - ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
 But in un - der - tone sub - lime, Sound-ing clear - ly through them all,
 In a long, un - rest - ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
 And in joy and peace sub - lime, We shall feel the si - lence come;

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see
 Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments on - ward flee,
 And we yearn for sight or sound Of the life that is to be,
 And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

If Thy shores are drawing near, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
 And it speaketh aye one word, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
 For Thy breath doth wrap us round, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
 When Thy glorious morn shall break, — E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

By permission.

FRANZ ABT. Arr. by REV. W. L. R.

Allegro.

1. Hear your coun - try's call, Freemen, one and all! Hear your country's ear - nest cry;
2. From the shop and farm, From the hearth-stone warm, Lo, we gath - er brave and strong!
3. Hail, our Fa - ther-land! Here thy children stand, All re-solved,u - ni - ted, true,



See your na - tive land Asks your succoring hand, Sons of Freedom, draw ye nigh;
Faithful here we stand To re-deem our land From intem'prance, sin and wrong;

In thy ho - ly cause, Ne'er to faint or pause, Is the vow we here re - new;



REFRAIN.



Lift our coun - try's flag on high, 'Tis the em - blem of the



free; Lift our country's flag on high, 'Tis the pledge of vic - to - ry.



118 AS THY DAYS THY STRENGTH SHALL BE.

• • • arr'd.

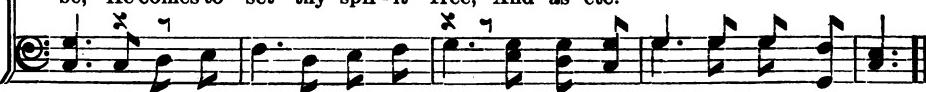
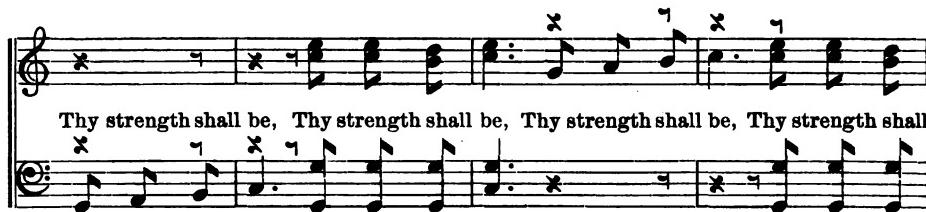
G. F. R.



1. Af - flict - ed soul, dis - miss thy fear! Thy Saviour's gra - cious prom - ise
 2. Let not the heart de - spond and say, "How shall I stand the try - ing
 3. When called to bear the weigh-ty cross Of sore af - flic - tion, pain or
 4. When death ap - pears be - fore thy view, His pres-ence shall thy foes sub -



hear; His faithful word de-clares to thee, That as thy days thy strength shall be:
 day?" He has en - gaged by firm de - cree, That as etc.
 loss, Or deep dis - tress or pov - er - ty, Still as etc.
 due, He comes to set thy spir - it free, And as etc.

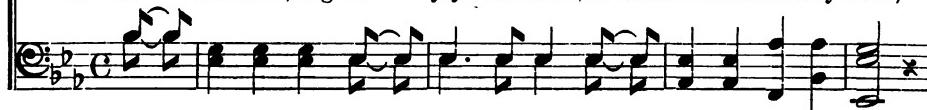


THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

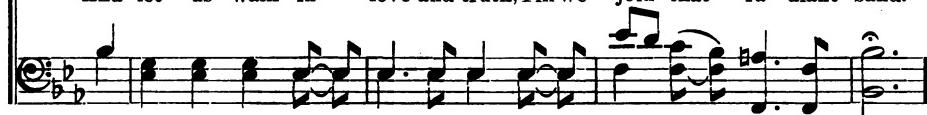
REV. ALFRED LANCASTER.



1. In the twilight hours 'mid the breath of flow'rs, When the soul in si-lence dwells,
2. There summer bright for - ev - er glows, And love im-mor - tal beams;
3. There lil - ie bloom of pur - est white, In hearts whom earth knew not;
4. From the gol-den shore where our loved ones stand, While they watch with ea-ger eyes,
5. O chil-dren,sing in joy - ous notes, Of the bless-ed heavenly land;



Sweet ech-oes from the far - off home, Like the voice of ev - 'ning bells.
 Where wa - ters flow in rippling song, From life's a - bound-ing streams.
 There wea - ry souls find heavenly peace, When sor - row's work is wrought.
 Sweet voic - es come, and they call us home, To the home in the spir - it's skies.
 And let us walk in love and truth, Till we join that ra - diant band.



REFRAIN.



O broth-er! O sis - ter! loved, joy - ous, free; We will
 walk hand.in hand to the beau - ti - ful land,Till its gol-den shores we see.



REV. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D.D.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. Be - fore the bol - ted door The wait - ing Sav - iour stands, He
 2. Be - fore the bol - ted door A gen - tle voice is heard; In
 3. Be - fore the bol - ted door! And can you yet de - lay, And

kind - ly waits, and gen - tly knocks With nev - er wea - ried hands. The
 tones of ten - der - ness and love It speaks a plead - ing word. "If
 let the wait - ing Sav - iour stand, Or sad - ly turn a - way? There's

hea - vy dews of night Are fall - ing on His head, And still no voice with -
 a - ny hear my voice And o - pen will - ing - ly, I'll en - ter in and
 mer - cy in His heart, There's kindness in His voice, Oh, has - ten to un -

REFRAIN.
 Wait - ing,

in responds, No wel - come word is said. Yes, He is wait - ing,
 sup with Him, And He shall sup with me." bar the door, And in His smile re - joice.

BEFORE THE BOLTED DOOR.

wait - ing,
pa-tient-ly wait-ing, Oh, let Him wait no long-er, Rise and let Him in.
wait - ing, wait - ing.
Lov-ing-ly wait-ing, Tender-ly wait-ing, Oh, haste to rise and let Him in.

121

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.

W. C. FILBY.

Joyful.

1. Lift your glad voic-es in tri-umph on high, For Je-sus hath
2. Glo-ry to God in full an-thems of joy; The be-ing He

ris-en, and man shall not die. Vain were the ter-rors that
gave us death can-not de-stroy. Sad were the life we must

(83)

LIFT YOUR GLAD VOICES.



gathered a-round Him, And vain the do - min-ion of death and the grave;
part with to - mor-row, If tears were our birthright and death were our end.



He burst from the fet - ters of darkness that bound Him, Re - splen-dent in
But Je - sus hath cheer'd the dark val - ley of sor - row, And bade us, im -



glo - ry to live and to save; Loud lift your voic - es in
mor - tal, to heav - en as - cend. Loud lift your voic - es in



triumph on high,— For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.



ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857.

C. M. WYMAN, by per.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
 3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path-way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for—The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.
 Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,
 Now these lie all be - hind me— Oh! for a well-tuned harp!

Dark, . . . dark hath been the mid-night, But day - spring is at hand,
 A - mid the shades of ev'n-ing, While sinks life's lin - ger ing sand,
 Oh, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - um - phant band!

And glo - ry— glo - ry dwell - eth In . . . Im - man - uel's land.
 I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing, From . . . Im - man - uel's land.
 Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth, In . . . Im - man - uel's land.

G. F. R.

GEO. F. Root, by per.



1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burn-ing, Our robes are white and clean, We've
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All
 3. We see the mar - riage splen-dor With - in the o - pen door; We



tar - ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we en - ter in? We
 light - ed with the glo - ry! That's stream-ing from His brow. Ac -
 know that those who en - ter Are blest for ev - er - more. We



know we've nothing worth-y That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the
 cept the in - vi - ta-tion Be-yond de - serv-ing kind; Make no de - lay, but
 see He is more love-ly Than all the sons of men, But still we know the



CHORUS.
 robes we wear, Are all from Him a - lone. Be - hold the Bridegroom cometh! And
 take your lamps, And joy e - ter - nal find.
 door once shut, Will nev - er ope a - gain.



BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.

Musical score for 'Behold the Bridegroom Cometh.' featuring two staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics 'all may en - ter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.' are written below the notes.

124

CALLING NOW.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—Heb. 3: 15.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

Musical score for 'Calling Now.' featuring two staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics '1. This lov - ing Sav - iour Stands pa - tient - ly; Tho' oft re - ject - ed,
2. Oh, bound-less mer - cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er - ror,
3. Tho' all un - wor - thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while He's wait - ing,' are written below the notes.

Continuation of the musical score for 'Calling Now.' featuring two staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics 'Calls a - gain for thee. Call-ing now for thee, prod - i - gal, Call-ing now for
Heed the ten - der call.
"Je - sus, dear, I come."

Continuation of the musical score for 'Calling Now.' featuring two staves of music. The first staff uses a treble clef and the second staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics 'thee; Thou hast wan-dered far a-way, But He's call - ing now for thee.'

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er And His won - drous love to
 2. I will tell the won-drous sto - ry, How my lost es-tate to
 3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri - um - phantpow'r I'll
 4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And His heav'n - ly love to

me; On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 save, In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran-som free - ly gave.
 tell, How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.
 me; He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, Sing, oh! sing of my Re-deem-er, With His

blood He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my

blood He purchased me, He purchased me, He purchased me; On the cross He sealed my par-don, On the

MY REDEEMER.

par - don, Paid the debt, . . . And made me free, And made me free.
cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the debt and made me free,

126 KNOCKING, KNOCKING, WHO IS THERE?

MRS. H. B. STOWE, arr.

With feeling.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. Knocking,knocking, who is there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, oh, how fair!
2. Knocking,knocking, still He's there, Wait-ing, wait-ing, wondrous fair;
3. Knocking,knocking, what still there? Wait-ing, wait-ing, grand and fair;

'Tis a Pil - grim,strange and king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore.
But the door is hard to o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine,
Yes, the pierc - èd hand still knocketh, And be -neath the crowned hair

Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt Thou not un - do the door.
With their dark and cling-ing ten - drils, Ev - er round the hing - es twine.
Beam the pa - tient eyes, so ten - der, Of Thy Sav - iour, wait - ing there.

I AM THE DOOR.

Words and music by G. F. R.



1. Hear the heavenly Shepherd say-ing, "I am the door;" Ye have heard His
 2. 'Tis the door of life e-ter-nal, Why stay with-out? 'Tis your Saviour's
 3. Darkness gathers round the sheep-fold, Yet there with-in All is light and



voice of mer - cy Man - y times be - fore. Why re - sist while
 in - vi - ta - tion, Wherefore long - er doubt? Climb not up some
 joy and glad - ness, With no grief nor sin. Once a - gain the



He is call-ing? Why so long de - lay? You can find no oth - er entrance,
 oth - er way to Find this land so fair; On - ly thro' the door of par-don
 Shepherd calls you 'Mid the gath'ring shades; Hear and heed His lov - ing ac-cent



CHORUS.



Come, oh, come to - day!
 Can you en - ter there. En - ter at the door, En - ter at the door,
 Ere the day-light fades.



I AM THE DOOR.

Musical score for "I AM THE DOOR." featuring two staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. A vocal line is provided below the staves.

And with-in find peace and safe-ty Now and ev - er - more.

128

PURER YET AND PURER.

J. R. MURRAY.

Musical score for "Purer Yet and Purer." featuring three staves of music. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff uses a bass clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. A vocal line is provided below the staves.

1. Pur - er yet and pur - er I would be in mind, Dear - er yet and
2. Calm - er yet and calm - er Tri - al bear and pain, Sur - er yet and
3. High - er yet and high - er Out of clouds and night, Near - er yet and

dear - er Ev - 'ry du - ty find. Hop - ing still and trust - ing
sur - er Peace at last to gain; Suff - 'ring still and do - ing,
near - er Ris - ing to the light— Light se - rene and ho - ly,

God with-out a fear. Pa - tiently be - liev - ing, He will make all clear.
To His will re - signed, And to God sub - du - ing Heart and will and mind.
Where my soul may rest, Pu - ri - fied and low - ly, Sanc - ti - fied and blest.

129

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.

REV. A. C. COXE, D. D.

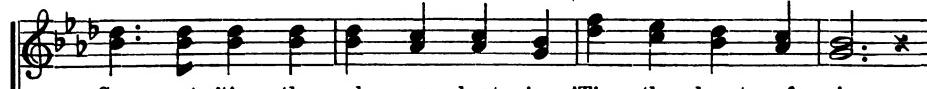
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

Piano e Marcato.

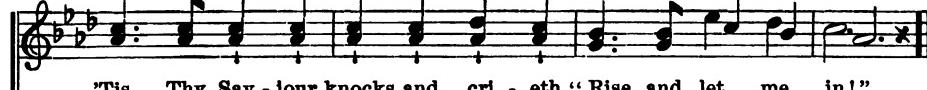
1. In the si - lent mid - night watch-es, List—thy bo - som's door!
2. Death comes down with reck - less foot-steps, To the hall and hut;
3. Then 'tis time to stand en - treat-ing Christ to let thee in;



- How it knock-eth, knock-eth, knock-eth, Knock - eth ev - er - more!
Think you death will tar - ry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
At the gate of heav - en beat - ing, Wail - ing for thy sin?



- Say not 'tis thy puls - es beat - ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;
Je - sus wait - eth, wait - eth, wait - eth; But the door is fast;
Nay! a - las, thou guil - ty crea - ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?



- 'Tis Thy Sav - iour knocks, and cri - eth, "Rise, and let me in!"
Grieved, a - way thy Sav - iour go - eth, Death breaks in at last.
Je - sus wait - ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!



REV. M. L. HOFFORD.

W. F. SHERWIN.



1. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The har - vest time is near; The
 2. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The La - bor - ers are few! The
 3. Look up! be - hold, the fields are white, The Mas - ter soon will come And



sum -mons of the Mas - ter falls Up - on the reap - er's ear; Go
 gath'r-ing of the har - vest must By grace de - pend on you. Go
 car - ry with re - joic - ing heart His gath - ered troph - ies home. And



forth in - to the gold - en grain And bind the prec - ious sheaves, And
 forth throughout the bus - y world, The world of want and sin. And
 can you stand with emp - ty arms, While glad - ly He re - ceives From



gar - ner for the Lord of hosts The har - vest which He gives.
 gath - er for the Lord of hosts Its dy - ing mil - lions in.
 oth - ers in the har - vest - field A load of prec - ious sheaves.



131

NOW IS THE HARVEST TIME.

Rev. J. O. FOSTER, A. M.

G. F. ROOT.



1. Lift up your eyes on the fields all white, Waving so full in the gos - pel light,
 2. Hear how the Mas-ter is call - ing you, Th' harvest is great but the la-brors few,
 3. Oth-ers have sown where you now may reap, Tho' they have gone to their long, long sleep,



Gold - en the grain in the sunshine bright, The great harvest time has come.
 Reap - ers are want-ed, faith-ful ones, true, For now is the har-vest time.
 Je - sus His prom - is - es all will keep, Be - hold now the har-vest time.



Fields where the seed has been scattered long, Fields where the tall stalks are growing strong,
 Wa - ges of life for the strong and brave, Wheat for the garner of life to save,
 Now is the joy of the fall - en race, Now is the ful-ness of gos-pel grace,



Fields where the reapers now come with song, Shout - ing the har - vest home.
 Res - cu - ing men from a sin - ful grave, Na - tions from ev - 'ry clime.
 Now does the Mas-ter re - veal His face, Now is the har-vest time.



Words and music by G. F. Root.



1. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the thrall of Satan's power, One
 2. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from the storms that round us lower, One
 3. O hap - py day! O bless-ed hour! When, from our sure Defence and Tower, One



par - doned soul re - turns to Thee, O Might - y One! for - ev - er free.
 trav - 'ler leaves the dang'rous road, And takes the nar - row path to God.
 sol - dier, bat - tling with his sins, By help di-vine, the vict - 'ry wins.



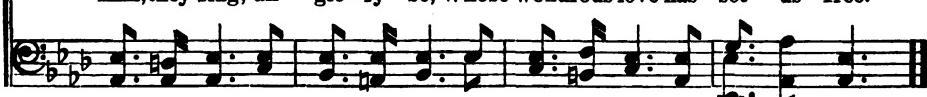
CHORUS.



The an-gels chant their sweet-est lays, The heavens resound the lof - ty praise; To



Him, they sing, all glo - ry be, Whose wondrous love has set us free.



133

THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; It is
 2. Bow down east - ern moun-tains, The Sav - iour has come! And
 3. There's a light from the cross, There's a light from the Word; And the

Sing the earth with the joy the Lord! And the hearts that were
sings O yeoun-tains, in ev-ry wide zone! The ev-ry dark
king-doms of earth are the realms of the Lord! O Sav-iour vic-

ach - ing In dark - ness, and break - ing, Are chant - ing His prais - es, in
na - tion the glad pro - cla - ma - tion Is of - fer - ing wel - come, and
to - rious, So ten - der and glo - rious, We praise Thee, we bless Thee in

class - ac - cord. par - don, and home! There's a light! There's a light! from the
rev - erent ac - cord.

CHORUS.

THERE'S A LIGHT FROM THE CROSS.

cross, from the cross! There's a light from the cross! There's a light from the cross!

134

NEARER TO ME.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Fa - ther, draw near to me, Near - er to me; I can not
 2. Lone were this world and drear, How could I stay, Did not Thy
 3. All thro' death's val - ley dark, Stand by my side, There with "Thy

in the flesh, Mount up to Thee. O come and ev - er be,
 pres-ence here Bright - en the way? O heed my ear-nest plea,
 rod and staff" Com - fort and guide. O how I'll cling to Thee,

Dear Fa-ther, near - er me—Near - er to me, . . . to me!
 Draw, Fa-ther, near - er me—Near - er to me, . . . to me!
 Dear Fa-ther, near - er Thee—Near - er to Thee, . . to Thee!

WAITING FOR ME.

Words and music by J. R. MURRAY.

Trustfully.

1. I shall see them, and know them, and love them, When my
 2. We shall walk in the light of His shin - ing, Whose
 3. For the love that our heav - en - ly Fa - ther Would



feet touch the sands of the bright gold - en shore, I shall
 love is the life of the Beau - ti - ful Land; By the
 have us be - stow on the dear ones be - low, Shall not



fold them a - gain to my bos - om, And our wand'ring and part - ings be
 wa - ters of qui - et - ness dwell - ing, Ev - er fed by His boun - ti - ful
 fall of its own in the heav - ens, When to the bright man-sions we



REFRAIN.

Gently and softly.

o'er. And now they're Wait - ing for me, yes, wait - ing for me,
 hand. And now they're
 go. And now they're Wait - ing, wait - ing for me, wait - ing for



WAITING FOR ME

A handwritten musical score for a vocal solo with piano accompaniment. The vocal part consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The piano part has two staves of music. The lyrics are:

in the sun - by ones o - ver the sea. Wait - ing for me.
me alone. Wait - ing for me.

wa - ing for me. Are all the long -

The score includes vertical bar lines and repeat signs. To the right of the music, there are several vertical columns of musical notation, likely for reference or analysis.

136

NOW IS THE ACCESSION

A handwritten musical score for a vocal solo with piano accompaniment. The vocal part consists of three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The piano part has two staves of music. The lyrics are:

Domini, ergo.
1. Now is th' accepted time 2. Now is th' accepted time 3. Now is th' accepted time

The score includes vertical bar lines and repeat signs. To the right of the music, there are several vertical columns of musical notation, likely for reference or analysis.

Rev. H. M. KING, D. D.

J. R. M.



1. On - ward roll the a - ges, Full of grace to men; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings,
2. Forth the sowers go - ing, Bear the liv-ing truth, And with pray'r are sow-ing
3. Join your hap-py voi - ces In the song we sing; Christ, the low-ly Sav - iour,



Christ will come a - gain. Sing a - loud the an-them, Shout the triumph song,
In the heart of youth. Showers of grace are fall - ing, Morning, night, and noon;
Is th'ex - alt - ed King. Lift the joy - ful cho - rus Up to heaven's dome;



CHORUS.



All earth's teeming na-tions Shall to Christ be-long.

All the earth is blooming. Har-vest will be soon. On-ward roll the a - ges,
Soon we'll blend our prais-es In the harvest home.



Full of grace to men; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings, Sing the glad re-frain.



MINNIE K. CLARK.

H. H. MCGRANAHAN.

1. There's a crown in heaven for me, A crown that I may wear; There's a
 2. There's a song in heaven for me, A song that I may sing; There's a
 3. There's a robe in heaven for me, A robe so clean and white; There's a
 4. There's a home in heaven for me, A home be-yond all sin; There's a

crown in heaven for thee, A crown with jew-els rare. For me and for
 song in heaven for thee, A praise to Christ our King.
 robe in heaven for thee, Oh, pure and sweet de - light.
 home in heaven for thee, Come ye, and en - ter in. For me

Thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me; For
 - song
 robe
 home
 and for Thee

me and for thee, Yes, there's a crown for you and for me.
 song
 robe
 home
 For me and for thee,

ALL THE WAY HOME.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

mp Moderato.

W. F. SUDDS.

1. All the way home the Sav - iour will guide you, Com-fort, sus - tain, what -
 2. All the way home His prom - ise shall cheer you, In ev - 'ry toil He'll
 3. All the way home the Sav - iour will bless you, Fears all in vain shall

ev - er be - tide you; He by His grace all your need will sup - ply,
 sure - ly be near you; Ten - der - ly feed you with man - na di - vine,
 seek to dis - tress you; Brightly His light on your path-way may gleam,

Well-springs of love are a - bun - dant on high. Ev - er, and ev - er His
 Gra - cious-ly teach you your will to re - sign. Ev - er, and ev - er His
 Guid - ing your steps with its ra - diant beam. Ev - er, and ev - er its

all the way home.

p rall.
 care will be nigh,
 mer - cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home. . . .
 brill - iance shall stream,

ALL THE WAY HOME.

REFRAIN.

All the way home, all the way home, all the way home.

Musical score for "All the Way Home". The score consists of three staves of music in common time, key signature of two flats. The first staff starts with a piano dynamic (p). The second staff begins with a mezzo-forte dynamic (mf). The lyrics "All the way home, all the way, all the way, all the way home." are repeated under both staves. The third staff continues the melody. Below the music, the lyrics are written in a larger font: "Ev-er, and ev-er His care will be nigh, Ev-er, and ev-er His mer-cy shall shine, All the way, all the way home. Ev-er, and ev-er its brilliance shall stream," followed by a repeat sign and a bass clef.

140

FORWARD, MARCH.

THEO. MONOD.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Musical score for "Forward, March." in common time, key signature of one sharp. The score features two staves of music. The lyrics are listed below the first staff: "1. Forward, march! Forward, march! Sin-ner, to the Saviour clinging, Trembling, trusting, 2. Forward, march! Forward, march! Tar-ry not to count thy treasure; He will deal it, 3. Forward, march! Forward, march! Art thou faint? He stands be-side thee: He shall help thee, 4. Forward, march! Forward, march! Thro' th' allurements of tempta-tion, Thro' the fires of, 5. Forward, march! Forward, march! Till thy bending head be hoar-y, Till shall close thine". The lyrics continue on the second staff: "smil-ing, sing-ing, Hark! a - gain His voice is ring-ing, "For - ward, march!" with-out meas-ure As thou do - est His good pleasure—For - ward, march! guard thee,guide thee,In His shad-ow He shall hide thee—For - ward, march! trib - u - la - tion,Hold-ing forth the great sal - va - tion,For - ward, march! earth - ly sto - ry, Till thou step from grace to glo - ry, For - ward, march!". The score concludes with a final staff.

STEAL AWAY!

SLAVE SONG.



Steal a - way, steal a - way, steal a - way to Je - sus!



Steal a - way, steal a - way home, I have not long to stay here.

FINE.



1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der; The

2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ners stand tremb - ling; The

3. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning; The



trump - et sounds it in my soul: I have not long to stay here.

D.C.



142 NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN.

No-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, No-bod - y knows but Je - sus,

No-bod - y knows the trouble I've seen, Glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah.

1. Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down, Oh yes Lord,
 { Al - though you see me going along so, Oh yes Lord,
 2. One day when I was walk - ing along, Oh yes Lord,
 { I nev - er shall for - get that day, Oh yes Lord,

D.C. *al fine.*

Some - times I'm al - most to the ground, Oh, yes Lord. }
 I have my tri - als here be - low, Oh, yes Lord. }
 The ele-ments opened and the Lord came down, Oh, yes Lord. }
 When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Oh, yes Lord. }

I'VE BEEN A LIST'NING.

SLAVE SONG.

p

I've been a - list'ning all the night long, Been a - list'ning all the

FINE.

day, I've been a - list'ning all the night long, To hear some sin-ner pray.

f

1. Some say that John the Bap - tist, Was noth-ing but a Jew, But the
2. Go read the fifth of Matthew, And read the chap - ter thro' It
3. There was a search in heav - en, And all the earth a-round, John

Bi - ble doth in - form us, That he was a preach - er too.
is the guide to Christ - ians, And tells them what to do.
stood in sor - row hop - ing, That a Sav - iour might be found.

D.C.

(106)

144 IN THAT BEAUTIFUL WORLD ON HIGH.

SLAVE SONG.

Arr. by W. F. SUDDS.



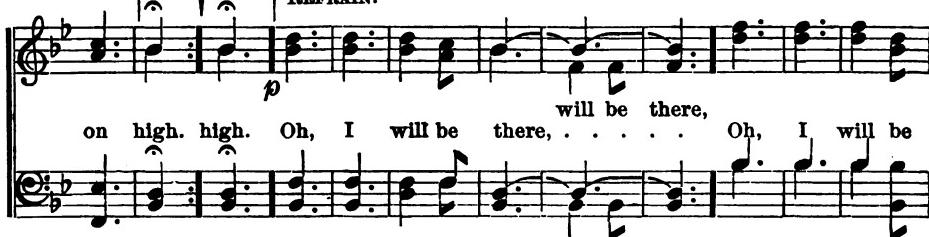
1. { I hope my moth - er will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world
2. { I hope my sis - ter will be there, In that beau - ti - ful world
That used to join with me in prayer, In that beau - ti - ful world



1

2

REFRAIN.



there with the palms of vic - to - ry, crowns of



will be there,



glo - ry you shall wear, In that beau - ti - ful world on high. . .



- 3 I hope my brother will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to join with me in prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.

- 4 I know my Saviour will be there,
In that beautiful world on high,
That used to listen to my prayer,
In that beautiful world on high.

W. F. SUDDS, by permission.

Slowly, and with much expression.

SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am
2. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and

poor, and weak, and blind, I am counting all but dross, I shall
time, and earth - ly store, Soul and bod - y, Thine to be, Whol - ly

full sal - va - tion find. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil dwelt within,
Thine for - ev - ermore. In Thy prom-is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood applied,

I AM COMING TO THE CROSS.

rall.

Je - sus sweet-ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
I am pros - rate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

Let 2nd Tenors predominate.

I am trust-ing, I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Dear Lamb of

Cal - va - ry. Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Je - sus save me,

Je - sus save me, Je - sus save me, save me now.

W. F. SUDDS, Sept. 11, 1887.

Moderately slow.

SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The top staff is for the Solo Baritone or Tenor, indicated by a treble clef and a key signature of four flats. The second staff is for the Piano, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of four flats. The third staff is for the Solo Baritone or Tenor, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of four flats. The fourth staff is for the Piano, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of four flats. The fifth staff is for the Solo Baritone or Tenor, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of four flats. The sixth staff is for the Piano, indicated by a bass clef and a key signature of four flats.

Moderately slow.

SOLO, BARITONE OR TENOR.

1. O to be o - ver yon - der, In that
 2. O to be o - ver yon - der, A -
 3. O when shall I be dwell-ing, Where

pp

beau - ti - ful land of won - der, Where the an - gel voic - es
 las, I sigh and won - der, Why clings my poor, weak
 an - gels voic - es swell - ing In tri - um - phant hal - le

min - gle and the harp - ers ring, To be free from care and
 heart to an - y earth - ly thing, Each tie of earth must
 lu - jahs make the heav - ens ring, Where the heaven - ly gates are

O TO BE OVER YONDER.



mp CHORUS.



O to be o - ver yon - der, My yearn-ing heart grows fonder, And the



lov-ing growtheth stronger, For the pres-en-ce of the King.



BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

FOR DECORATION.

Poetry by Jas. F. SAYERS.

W. F. SUDDA.

1. To - day let us seek of all spots the most blest, Where the
 2. We hon - or the he - roes who with us re - main; May their
 3. Rare gems are their graves, they be - jew - el our land From
 4. En - rap - tured their spir - its will wing from a - bove, And

mar - tyrs of Un - ion are sweet - ly at rest; Re -
 laur - els ne'er fade; but our loft - ti - est strain We -
 o - cean to o - cean; each wor - ship - ful hand Now
 whis - per "how sweet your de - vo - tion and love, We

count the brave deeds of these broth - ers of ours, And
 pour to these low, si - lent he - roes of ours, And
 gar - land these em - er - ald tro - phies of ours, And
 bless you for mak - ing dear kin - dred of ours, Your

spang - le their graves with the beau - ti - ful flowers.
 show - er o'er them the most beau - ti - ful flowers.
 make the whole land a mo - sa - ic of flowers.
 love for us bloom in - to beau - ti - ful flowers.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

REFRAIN. *p*

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful flowers In their
beau - ti - ful flowers

rest,

green cov - ered tents, let them rest, let them rest, 'Neath the

f

stars of the red white and blue, Till in fresh-ness im - mor - tal they

rise, mong the blest, For the heav - en - ly chieftains re - view.

CARL BRUCH.

mf Rather slowly.

Let not your heart be troub - led, Let not your heart be troub - led,

Ye be - lieve in God, ye be - lieve in God,

ye be - lieve in God, ye be - lieve in

ye be - lieve in God, believe al - so in me. al - so in me. In my

God, be - lieve in God, be - lieve

Fa - ther's house are man - y man-sions If it were not so I would have

told you, And if I go to pre - pare a place for you, I will

LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED.

come a gain . . . And re-ceive you un-to my - self, That where
I will come a-gain,

I am, That where I am There may ye be al - so . . .

Let not your heart . . . be

Let not your heart be troubled, Let not your heart be troubl-ed,

Ye be-lieve in God, ye be-lieve in God,
ye be-lieve in God, ye be-lieve in

ye be-lieve in God, be-lieve al - so in me. al - so in me. . . .

God, believe in God, be-lieve

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

FRANZ ABT.

p Moderato.

There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman - uel's veins, And
 sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Loose all their gull - ty stains The
 dy-ing thief re - joiced to see, that foun-tain in his day, And there may
 I though vile as he Wash all my sins a -
 And there may I Though vile as he,
 way. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy precious blood, shall nev - er lose its power, Till

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

all the ransomed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.

mf

E'er since by faith, I saw that stream Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re - deem-ing love has

been my theme, And shall be, till I die, . . . Then in a nobler, sweeter

I'll

song, I'll sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save, When this poor lisp-ing stam'ring tongue, Lies

sing Thy pow'r, Thy pow'r to save.

rit. dim.

si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave.

Lies si - lent in the grave, in the

(117) Lies

150

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS.

W. F. SUDDS.

p Moderato.

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings,
that I had wings, that I had wings, that I had
Oh, that I had wings, Oh,
wings like a dove.

mf

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings like a dove, How
wings, that I had wings,
like a dove.

accell.

quick-ly then I'd fly a-way, I'd fly a-way.
fly a-way, I'd fly a-way,
a-way, I'd

lento. dim.

And be at rest, and be at rest.
fly a-way. rest. ,

It may in many cases be best to change key to E flat.

OH, THAT I HAD WINGS.

mp

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, that I had wings,
that I had wings, that I had wings, that I had
Oh, that I had wings, Oh,
wings like a dove.

mf

Oh, that I had wings, Oh, . . . that I had wings like a dove, How
wings, that I had wings,
like a dove. , . . .

accel.

quick-ly then I'd fly a-way, How swift-ly then I'd fly a -

p

way, And be at rest, and be at rest, and be at rest. . . .

pp

rest.

(119)

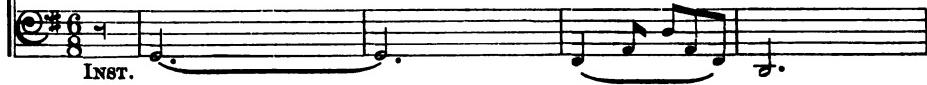
CARL BRUCHE.

Moderato.

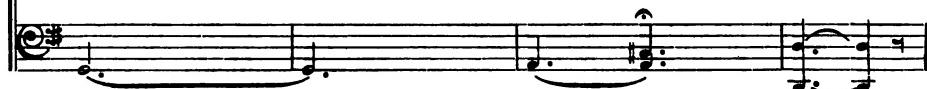
DUET.



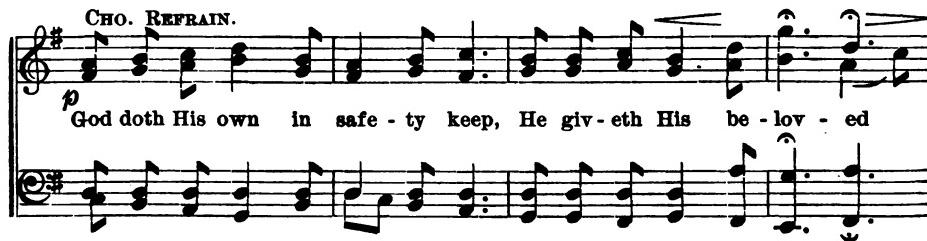
1. Sorrow and care may meet, The temp-est cloud may low'r, . . . The surge of
 2. The din of war may roll, With all it's rag-ing blight, . . . Grief may op-
 3. In child-hood's winsome page, In man-hood's joy-ous bloom, . . . In fee - ble-



sin, The surge of sin may beat, Up - on earth's troub - led shore.
 press, grief may op - press the soul Through-out the wea - ry night.
 ness, In fee - ble-ness and age, In death's dark gath - 'ring gloom.



CHO. REFRAIN.



p God doth His own in safe - ty keep, He giv - eth His be - lov - ed



sleep



dim. sleep, His be-loved sleep, He giv-eth His be - lov - ed sleep. . .



sleep

BEETHOVEN. ARR. by W. F. SUDDS.

Slowly.

1. Lo! tis night, and earth is hushed in si - lence, While yon moon leads
 2. How the o - cean tell - eth of Thy won-ders, Ev - er pro-claim-ing Thy
 3. Calm-ly, soft - ly, may sweet sleep de - scend-ing, In re - pose these



on her star - ry way, Where vast unnumber'd worlds, through boundless space are
 boundless pow'r and might, We hear Thy wel-come voice a - mid the jar - ring
 wea - ry eye-lids seal, May peace - ful hap - py dreams be - fore my vis - ion



roll-ing, And o-cean waves keep time with slow and measured song, Lo! tis
 thunders, Its mys - tic sound heralds the har-mo-nies of night, E're I
 ris - ing, The promised joys of heaven un - to my soul re - veal, E're I



night, to Thee, Lord, would I raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.
 sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.
 sleep, to Thee I fain would raise, songs of grate - ful love and praise.



MALE VOICES.

Poetry by F. M. FINCH.

W. F. SUDDE.
By permission.

1ST TENOR.



1. By the flow of the in - land riv - er . . . Whence the

2ND TENOR.



3. From the si - lence of sor - row - ful hours . . . The . . .

1ST BASS.



5. No . . more shall the war . . cry sev - er . . . Or the

2ND BASS.



fleets of iron have fled . . When the blades of the grave - grass



des - o - late mourn - ers go . . . Each lov - ing - ly laden with



wind - ing riv - ers be red . . They ban - ish our an - ger for -



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.



quiv - er . . . A - sleep are the ranks of the dead.



flow - ers . . . A - like for the friend and the foe. . .



ev - er . . . When they lau - rel the graves of the dead. . .



Un - der the sod and the dew.

Wait-ing, wait-ing,



Un - der the sod and the dew.

Wait-ing, wait-ing,



Un - der the sod.

Un - der the dew. Wait-ing, wait-ing,
Un - der the sod.



THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

mf

wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Under the one the blue,
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Under the ros-es the blue,
mf
wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Love and tears for the blue.

Under the oth - er the gray. 2. These in the robings of glo - ry..
Under the lili - es the gray. 4. So with an e - qual splen - dor The
Tears and love for the gray. 6. Sad - ly but not up - braid-ing,

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Those in the gloom of de -feat . . . All with their bat - tle blood
morn - ing sun - rays fall . . . With a touch im - par - tial - ly
gen - er - ous deed was done . . . In the storm of the years that are

go - ry . . . In the dusk of e - ter - ni - ty meet . . .
ten - der . . . On the blos - soms bloom - ing for all, . . .
fad - ing . . . No brav - er bat - tle was won . . .

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, both in G major (indicated by a C with a sharp sign) and featuring a key signature of one sharp. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic (F) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "Under the sod and the dew." The second staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "Waiting, waiting," followed by "Under the sod and the dew." The third staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "Waiting, waiting," followed by "Under the sod." The fourth staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "Under the dew. Waiting, waiting, Under the sod." The fifth staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "Waiting the Judg - ment day. Under the lau - rel the". The sixth staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Broider'd with gold the". The seventh staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Under the blos - soms the". The eighth staff begins with a piano dynamic (P) and consists of six measures. The lyrics for this section are: "wait - ing the Judg - ment day. Un - der the blos - soms the".

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Musical score for "The Blue and the Gray" featuring three staves of music with lyrics underneath. The music is in common time, key signature of B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are:

Blue... Under the wil - low the Gray.
Blue... Mel - lowed with gold the Gray.
Blue... Under the gar - lands the Gray.

154

THE WAY IS DARK.

W. F. SUDDS.

SOLO. BARITONE.

Musical score for "The Way Is Dark" for Solo Baritone. The first staff shows the vocal line with an 'x' marking the end of each line. The lyrics are:

1. The way is dark, my Fath - er,
2. The day de - clines, my Fath - er, And the
3. The way is long, my Fath - er, And my

Musical score for "The Way Is Dark" for Solo Baritone. The second staff shows the piano accompaniment with dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *ff* (fortissimo).

THE WAY IS DARK.



Cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, And loud the thunders roar a -
night is drawing dark - ly down. My faithless sight sees ghostly
soul longs for the rest and quiet of the goal, While yet I journey thro' this weary



bove me, See, I stand like one be - wil - dered!
vis - ions, A spec - tral band en - com - pass me.
land, Keep . . . me from wan - dring.



CHORUS.



Fa - ther take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead safe - ly home Thy child.
Fa - ther take my hand, And from the night lead up to light Thy child.
Fa - ther take my hand, The hour is late, lead to heavens gate Thy child.



HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

HYMN. ANTHEM.

W. F. SUDDES.

f With spirit.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, An - gel - ic songs are swelling, O'er earth's green fields, And
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, weary souls for

ocean's wave beat shore, How sweet the truth, those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of
 Je - sus bids you come," And thro' the dark its ech-oes sweet-ly ringing, The

that new life, when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,
 mu - sic of the gos-pel leads us home.

p poco lento.

Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night. 3. Far, far a-way, like

p dim.

bells at eve-night peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds O'er land and sea, And

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Lento.

la - den souls by thou-sands meekly steal-ing, Kind Shepherd lead their wea - ry souls to Thee.

An-gels of Je-sus, an-gels of light Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

p TENOR SOLO.

Rest comes at last, though life be long and drear-y, The day must dawn, and

darksome night be past, All journeys end in wel-come to the wea - ry, And

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

Musical score for 'Hark! Hark! My Soul.' featuring three staves. The top staff uses treble clef and has dynamic markings *f* and *p lento mosso*. The lyrics 'heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last, will come at last.' are written below the notes. The middle staff uses bass clef and has a dynamic marking *p*. The bottom staff uses bass clef. The music consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth notes.

heav'n, the hearts true home, will come at last, will come at last.

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with *f a tempo*. The lyrics 'An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the' are written below the notes. The middle staff continues with bass clef. The bottom staff continues with bass clef.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with *f a tempo*. The lyrics 'pil - grims of the night, An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,' are written below the notes. The middle staff continues with bass clef. The bottom staff continues with bass clef.

pil - grims of the night, An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light,

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff starts with *f a tempo*. The lyrics 'Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night. A - men.' are written below the notes. The middle staff continues with bass clef. The bottom staff continues with bass clef.

156

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.*

PSALM XLVII.

W. F. SUDDS, Op. 159, No. 4

With vigor.

TENOR.

f

O clap your hands all ye people.

BARITONE.

O clap your hands all ye people.

PIANO
OR
ORGAN

mf —

Sing unto God with the voice of melody, O clap your hands all ye

Sing unto God with the voice of melody. O clap your hands all ye

** May be sung as a two part chorus, in which case a few of the lower voices should sing the small notes in last three measures.*

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.



peo - ple. O clap your hands all ye peo - ple,



peo - ple. O clap your hands all ye peo - ple,



Ped.

*

Ped.

*



Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God with the voi - -



Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, Sing un - to God with the voi - -



O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Musical score for 'O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.' featuring three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff an alto clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The key signature is one flat. The tempo is indicated by 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics 'ce of mel - o - dy.' and 'The voice of mel - o -' are repeated twice. The music consists of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

ce of mel - o - dy.
The voice of mel - o -

ce of mel - o - dy.
The voice of mel - o -

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff shows a continuation of the melody. The middle staff starts with a rest followed by a bass line. The lyrics 'dy For the Lord is high and to be fear - ed.' are followed by 'He is the great'. The bottom staff shows a bass line with a dynamic marking 'Ped.' and a sharp sign indicating a change in key.

dy For the Lord is high and to be fear - ed.
He is the great

Ped.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Musical score for 'O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.' featuring three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff a bass clef, and the bottom staff a bass clef. The music consists of measures of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics 'For the Lord is high and to be King up - on all the earth.' are written below the middle staff.

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff begins with a dynamic marking 'ff'. The lyrics 'fear - ed, He is the great King up - on, up - on' are written below the staff. The middle staff continues the melody. The bottom staff features a dynamic marking 'ff Ped.' followed by an asterisk (*). The lyrics 'He is the great King up - on, up - on' are also present here.

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Musical score for three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, G major, and common time. The third staff is in bass clef, C major, and common time. The lyrics "the earth. up - on the" are repeated twice. The first ending ends with a fermata over the bass note. The second ending begins with "Ped." and ends with an asterisk over the bass note.

Musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and common time. The lyrics "earth. O clap your hands all ye peo-ple." are shown. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and common time. The lyrics "O clap your hands all ye peo-ple." are shown.

Musical score for two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, G major, and common time. The lyrics "earth. O clap your hands all ye peo-ple." are shown. The bottom staff is in bass clef, C major, and common time. The lyrics "O clap your hands all ye peo-ple." are shown.

Musical score for three staves. The top two staves are in treble clef, G major, and common time. The third staff is in bass clef, C major, and common time. The lyrics "Ped." and an asterisk are shown above the bass staff. The page number "(136)" is at the bottom center.

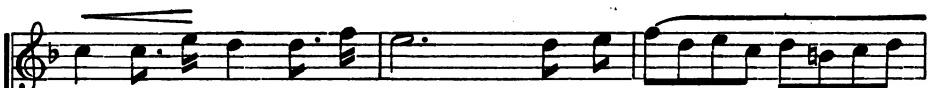
O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.



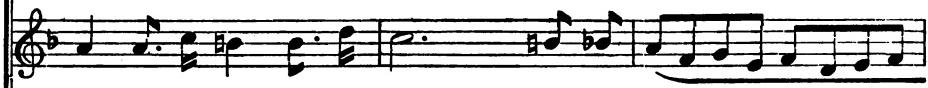
Sing un - to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, Sing un - to God, un - to



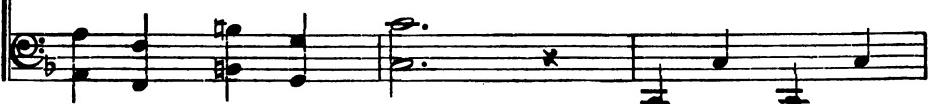
Sing un - to God with the voice of mel - o - dy, Sing un - to God, un - to



God, un - to God, un - to God. With the voi - - -



God, un - to God, un - to God. With the voi - - -



O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

Musical score for the first part of the hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in common time with a treble clef, and the last two are in common time with a bass clef. The lyrics are:

ce of mel - o - dy, For the Lord is high and to be
ce of mel - o - dy,

Musical score for the second part of the hymn. It consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in common time with a treble clef, and the last two are in common time with a bass clef. The lyrics are:

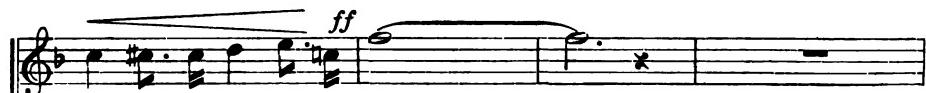
fear - ed, For the
He is the great King up-on all the earth,

O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.

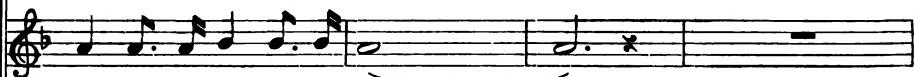
Musical score for "O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE." The score consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef, the middle staff is in treble clef, and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "Lord is high and to be fear-ed. He is the great He is the great". The melody features eighth-note patterns and sustained notes.

Continuation of the musical score. The top staff shows a melodic line with eighth-note pairs and sustained notes. The lyrics are: "King . . up-on all the earth, . . . Sing un - to God, un - to". The middle staff continues the melodic line. The bottom staff shows a harmonic progression with bass notes. The lyrics repeat: "King . . up-on all the earth, . . . Sing un - to God, un - to".

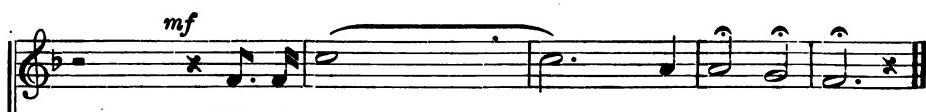
O CLAP YOUR HANDS ALL YE PEOPLE.



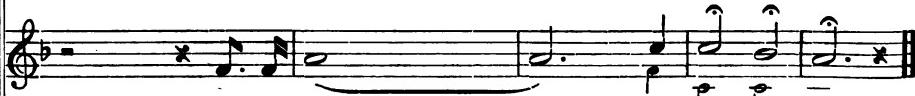
God, un - to God, un - to God.



God, un - to God, un - to God.



With the voice of mel - o - dy.



With the voice of mel - o - dy.



Ped. rall.

157 BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

W. F. SUDDS.
2nd setting.

BASS SOLO.

- p*
1. Be-yond the smil-ing and the weep-ing,
 2. Be-yond the blooming and the fad-ing,
 3. Be-yond the part-ing and the meet-ing,
- Be-yond the wak-ing and the
Be-yond the shin-ing and the
Be-yond the fare-well and the

sleep-ing, Be-yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shad-ing, Be-yond the hop-ing and the dread-ing, I shall be soon.
greet-ing, Be-yond the pul-se's fe-ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.

CHORUS.

I shall be soon. Love, rest and home, sweet, sweet, home, Lord tarry not, but come, but come.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

TRIO FOR MALE VOICES, OR THREE PART CHORUS.

Moderato. Vigoroso.

1st TENOR.

W. F. SUDDS, by per.

2nd TENOR. *mf*

Lift up your heads, O ye

BASS.

d. = 69.

mf

ACCOMP.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev - er-

gates, O ye gates,

Lift up your heads, O ye gates,

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for "LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES." The score consists of five staves of music. The first staff starts with a treble clef, followed by four bass staves. The lyrics "last - - - ing doors," are written below the first staff. The second staff begins with "And the King of glo - ry shall come in, And the". The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff features a prominent bass line with eighth-note patterns. The fifth staff concludes the section with a bass line. The key signature is C major (one sharp) throughout.

Continuation of the musical score. The first staff begins with a bass line. The second staff starts with "And the King of glo - ry, of". The third staff continues the melody. The fourth staff begins with "King of glo - ry shall come in, . . . and the King of glo - ry shall come". The fifth staff concludes the section with "And the King of glo - ry shall come". The key signature changes to F major (one flat) for this section. Dynamics include *f* (fortissimo) and *ff* (fuerissimo).

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

The musical score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are in F major, indicated by a sharp sign, and the remaining four staves are in C major, indicated by a circle. The vocal parts are in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the first two staves containing the beginning of the song and the subsequent staves continuing the melody. The score includes various musical markings such as dynamic changes (e.g., f), rests, and a fermata over the final note of the piece.

glo - - - - ry shall come in, the King of
in, the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry, the King of
in,

glo - - - - ry shall come in.
glo - - - - ry shall come in.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

mf

Who is the King of glo - - - ry?

Who is the King of
Who is the King of
mf

Who is the King of glo - - - ry?

Who is the King of glo - - - ry?

Who is the King of glo - - - ry?

The Lord strong and

glo - - - ry? Who is the King of glo - - - ry? The Lord

glo - - - ry?

f *cres.*

cres.

ff

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for "LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES." The score consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in common time, B-flat major, and feature lyrics. The fourth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, continuing the musical line. Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and includes lyrics: "migh - ty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle." Measure 2 continues with lyrics: "strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in bat - tle." Measure 3 starts with ff and ends with mf. Measure 4 concludes the section with a melodic line. The music is divided by vertical bar lines and includes various rests and note heads.

Continuation of the musical score. The first two staves are in common time, F major, and feature lyrics: "Who is the King?" The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp, continuing the musical line. Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic (ff) and ends with mf. Measure 2 continues with lyrics: "Who is the King?" Measure 3 starts with lyrics: "Who is the King of glo - - ry? Who is the King of". Measure 4 concludes the section with a melodic line. The music is divided by vertical bar lines and includes various rests and note heads.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

The musical score consists of eight staves of music. The first two staves are soprano voices, the next two alto voices, the fifth staff is bass, and the last three staves are piano accompaniment. The key signature is F major (one sharp). The tempo is indicated by 'f' (fortissimo). The lyrics are:

The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,
The Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - - - ry,
glo - - ry?
He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - ry,
He is the King, He is the
He is the

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

The musical score consists of two systems of music. The first system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of four sharps, and common time. It contains three staves. The top staff has lyrics: "He is the King of glo - ry, the Lord of". The middle staff continues the lyrics: "King, the King of glo - ry, the Lord of". The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and continues the lyrics: "King of glo - - -". The second system starts with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and common time. It contains three staves. The top staff has lyrics: "hosts.". The middle staff continues the lyrics: "hosts.". The bottom staff continues the lyrics: "ry.". The score concludes with a page number in parentheses at the bottom center: "(148)".

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for "LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES." The score consists of six staves of music. The first three staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the last three are in common time (indicated by a 'C'). The key signature changes between staves, showing various combinations of sharps and flats. The vocal parts are written in soprano and alto clefs. The piano accompaniment is written in bass and treble clefs. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo), *mf* (mezzo-forte), and *p* (pianissimo). The vocal parts begin with a sustained note followed by eighth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords and sustained notes. The lyrics are: "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates Lift up your heads, O ye gates, O ye gates gates, and be ye lift up, ye ev - er - last - - ing doors, gates, And the King of glo - ry,"

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

A musical score for a hymn. The score consists of six staves of music. The first two staves are treble clef, the third is bass clef, and the fourth is alto clef. The key signature is three flats. The tempo is indicated by a 'f' (fortissimo) at the beginning of the first staff. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The lyrics include 'And the shall come in, And the King of glo - ry shall come in,' followed by 'And the' on the next line. The music concludes with a dynamic 'ff' (fortississimo) and a long sustained note.

And the
shall come in, And the King of glo - ry shall come in,
And the

King of glo - ry, of glo - - - - -
and the King of glo - ry shall come in, the King of glo - ry shall come
King of glo - ry shall come in,

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for "LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES." The score consists of four staves of music. The first two staves are in common time, C major, and treble clef. The third and fourth staves are in common time, C major, and bass clef. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines. The lyrics are:

... ry shall come in, the King of glo - - - ry shall come
in, the King of glo - ry, the King of glo - - - ry shall come

Continuation of the musical score. The lyrics are:

in. . . .

in. . . . Who is the King of

The music includes dynamic markings such as *f* (fortissimo) and *p* (pianissimo).

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

A musical score for a hymn. The music is written in common time with a key signature of two flats. The vocal line consists of three staves of music, each with lyrics. The first staff begins with a forte dynamic (f). The lyrics are: "Who is the King of glo - ry?" followed by a repeat sign and another "Who is the King of glo - ry?". The second staff continues with "Who is the King of glo - ry?". The third staff begins with a treble clef and a forte dynamic (f), followed by a series of eighth-note chords. The fourth staff begins with a forte dynamic (f) and continues with the lyrics: "Who is the King . . . of glo - - - - ry? The glo - - - - ry? The Lord Who is the King of glo - - - - ry? The". The fifth staff continues with a series of eighth-note chords. The sixth staff begins with a forte dynamic (f) and concludes with a final series of eighth-note chords.

Who is the King of glo - ry?
Who is the King of glo - ry?
Who is the King of glo - ry?
Who is the King . . . of glo - - - - ry? The
glo - - - - ry? The Lord
Who is the King of glo - - - - ry? The

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

Musical score for three voices (SATB) and piano. The score consists of four systems of music. The top system features three staves: soprano (C-clef), alto (C-clef), and bass (F-clef). The middle system features three staves: soprano (C-clef), alto (C-clef), and bass (F-clef). The bottom system features two staves: soprano (C-clef) and bass (F-clef). The piano part is located at the bottom of each system. The vocal parts sing "Lord of hosts, He is the King of . . . of hosts, He is the King of Lord of hosts, He is the King of . . ." followed by "glo - - - - ry.". The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *ff* (fortissimo) and *p* (pianissimo). The score is in common time and uses a key signature of one flat (B-flat).

W. F. SUDDS.

mp

home, Lead Thou me on,
dark, And I am far from home, Lead Thou me on, Keep Thou my
on, Lead Thou me on,
home,

step,
feet. I do not ask to see, The distant scenes, One step, one step e - nough for me.

*The small note chord is for use with instrumental accompaniment.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

on.

choose my path, But now, Lead Thou me on, lead Thou me on, I loved the
gar-ish day, And spite of fears, Pride ruled my will, Re - mem-ber not past years,
So long Thy pow'r has blessed me sure it still will lead me on, O'er moor and
fen, O'er crag and tor-rent till the night is gone, The night is gone, And with the
morn, Those angel faces smile, Which I have lov'd long since, long since and lost
since,

(155)

COME UNTO ME.

W. F. SUDDS.

Come . . . un-to me, come un - to me,
 Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me, All ye that
 la - bor, and are wea - ry la - den, Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me,
 come un - to me, un - to
 all ye that la - bor, and are hea - vy la - den And I will give you
 me all ye that
 rest, and I will give you rest. Take . . . my yoke up-on you, for
 me for I am
 I am meek and low-ly in heart, And ye shall find rest un-

COME UNTO ME.

to your souls, For my yoke is ea-sy, And my bur-den is light . . .

ORG.

Come . . . un-to me, come un - to me,

Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me, All ye that

un-to me, All ye that

la - bor, and are wea - ry la - den, Come un - to me, come . . . un-to me,

come un - to me, un - to

all ye that la - bor, and are hea - vy la - den' And I will give you

me all ye that

rest, And I will give you rest. . . .

161

IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN.

Poetry by W. W. LONG.

W. F. SUDDS, by per.



1. Where the fair, bright flowers blossom, Blossom nev - er more to fade, Where the
 2. Where the loves that here doth per-ish, 'Neath the blighting scythe of Time, Where will
 3. There the saint - ed and the sin-less, Will their ev - ery song pro - long, And the



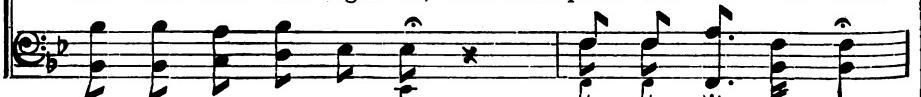
dark - est skies shall bright-en, Bright-en from the gloom-y shade, Where the
 bloom in end-less beau - ty, Grow-ing pur - er in that clime, There the
 heaven - ly walls of jas - per E - cho back the ho - ly song, Where we'll



gol - den sun in splen-dor, Drives a - way the mur - ky chill, When each
 child will find its moth - er, There the moth - er finds her child, There will
 find the bliss of lov - ing, As we nev - er loved be - fore, There each



day comes in new beau - ty, Calm - ly qui - et - ly and still.
 gath - er shat-tered households, Brok - en in this bar - ren wild.
 sin - less face will bright - en, With sweet peace for ev - er more.



IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN.

Musical score for "IN THE HOLY LAND OF HEAVEN." The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "In the ho - ly land of heav-en, We for aye shall meet and rest, Where all brok - en ties are gath - ered, We for ev - er shall be blest."

162

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Arr. by W. F. SUDDS.

Musical score for "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE." The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of three flats. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of three flats. The music is in common time. The dynamic marking "p" appears above the notes. The lyrics are: "Near - er my God to Thee, near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it

TENOR SOLO.

Musical score for "NEARER MY GOD TO THEE" featuring a Tenor Solo. The score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the Tenor Solo, indicated by a treble clef. The middle staff is for the Alto, indicated by a bass clef. The bottom staff is for the Bass, indicated by a bass clef. The music is in common time. The lyrics are: "Near - er my God to Thee, near - er to Thee, E'en tho' it". The Tenor Solo part begins at the end of the first line of lyrics.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

be a cross that rais - eth me. Still all my song shall be, Near-er my
God to Thee, Near-er my God to Thee, Near-er to Thee.

CHORUS.

Still all my song shall be, Near - er my God to Thee,
Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

Solo.
Slowly.

Tho' like a wan - der - er, Day - light is gone.

p

Dark - ness is o - ver me my rest a stone.

p

CHORUS.

Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er my God to Thee.

Near - er my God to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

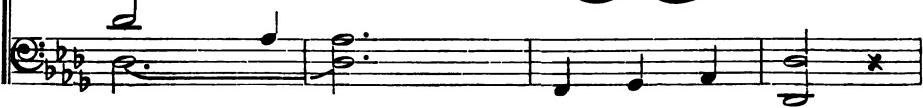
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

SOLO. 1ST TENOR.

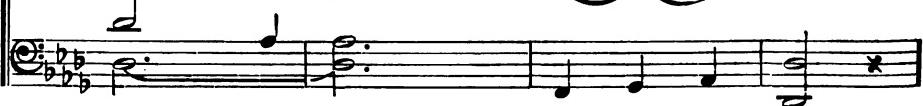


Then let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heaven.

SOLO. 1ST BASS.



All that Thou send - est me, In mer - ey given.



CHORUS.



An-gels to beck-on me, Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee.



163 TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

W. F. SUDDS.

f With much vigor.

Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the
 ransom'd saints, Throng up the steeps of light, 'Tis finished! all is finished! Their
 fight with death and sin, Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, and let the vic - tors in.
 What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fill all the earth and sky, What ring-ing of a
 nigh,
 thous-and harps, Bespeaks the tri - umph nigh, Bespeaks the tri-umph nigh, O
 nigh,

(163)

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

A musical score for a two-part setting. The top part uses a soprano C-clef staff, and the bottom part uses an alto C-clef staff. The music consists of five staves of music, each with a different harmonic progression. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff's lyrics are: "Day for which Cre-a-tion, And all its tribes were made, O joy of all its". The second staff's lyrics are: "form-er woes, A thousand fold re-paid. Oh, then what raptur'd greetings, On". The third staff's lyrics are: "Ca-naan' shap-py shore, What knitting sev-eraid friendships, When partings are no". The fourth staff's lyrics are: "more, Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of late, Orphans no longer". The fifth staff's lyrics are: "fa-ther-less, Nor widows des-o-late, Bring now the great Sal-va-tion, Thou". The music includes dynamic markings such as *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *mp* (mezzo-piano). The score concludes with a page number (164) at the bottom right.

Day for which Cre-a-tion, And all its tribes were made, O joy of all its

form-er woes, A thousand fold re-paid. Oh, then what raptur'd greetings, On

Ca-naan' shap-py shore, What knitting sev-eraid friendships, When partings are no

more, Then eyes with joy shall sparkle, That brimm'd with tears of late, Orphans no longer

fa-ther-less, Nor widows des-o-late, Bring now the great Sal-va-tion, Thou

TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

Lamb for sin-ners slain, Fill up the roll of Thine e - lect, Then take Thy power and
 reign, Ap - pear, De-sire of na-tions, Thine ex - ilies long for home, Show
 in the heavens Thy promised sign, Thou Prince and Saviour come. A - men.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

BRUCH.

Psalm 67.

- 1 God be merciful unto us, and I bless us; || And show us the light of his countenance, and be I merci · ful unto us.
- 2 That thy way may be known | up · on | earth; || Thy saving | health a - mong all | nations.
- 3 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let I all the · · people | praise— | thee.
- 4 Oh, let the nations rejoice | and be | glad; || For thou shall judge the people righteously, and govern the | na · · tions upon | earth.
- 5 Let the people praise thee, | O— | God; || Yea, let I all the · · people | praise— | thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase; || And God, even our own | God shall | give us · · his | blessing.
- 7 God shall I bless— | us; || And all the ends of the | world shall I fear— him.
- 8 Glory be to the Father, and I to the | Son, || And I to the | Holy | Ghost; ||
- 9 As it was in the beginning, is now, and I ever I shall be, || World | without | end. A- | men.



Psalm 95.

1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || Let us heartily rejoice
in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | giving ; || And
show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the Lord is a | great— | God ; || And a great | King a- | bove
all | gods.

4 In his hands are all the corners | of the | earth ; || and the strength
of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is his | and he | made it ; || And his hands pre- | pared |
the dry | land.

6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down ; || And kneel be- | fore
the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For he is the | Lord our | God ; || And we are the people of his
pasture, and the | sheep of his— | hand.

8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty ·· of | holiness ; || Let the
whole | earth ·· stand in | awe of | him.

*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth ; || And with
righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.

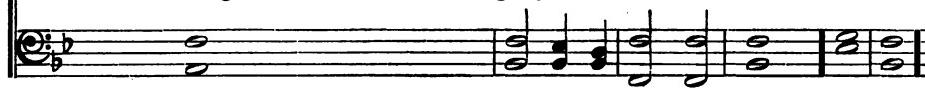
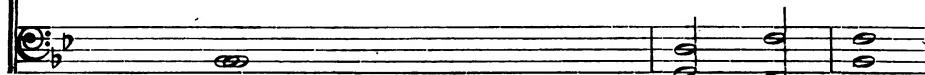
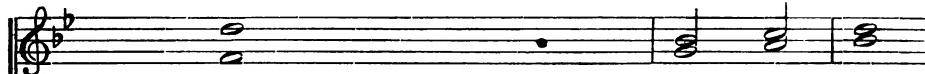
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy |
Ghost.

11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever ·· shall | be, || World
without) end. A- | men, A- | men.

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THE LORD'S PRAYER.

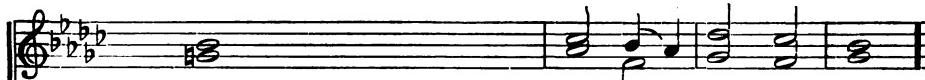
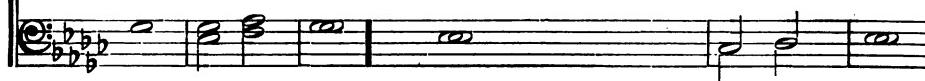
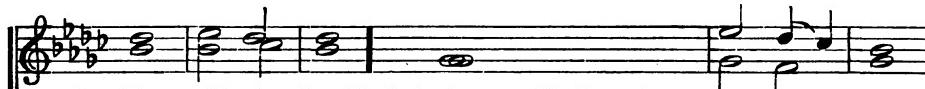
W. F. SUDDS.



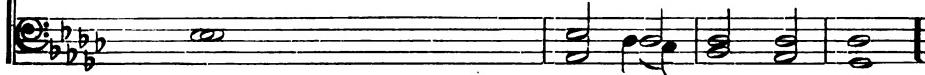
166

"THY WILL BE DONE."

W. F. SUDDS.



Yet still our grateful hearts shall say. "Thy will be done."
 This prayer will make it more di vine. "Thy will be done."
 one comfort—one Is ours :—to breathe while we a-dore, "Thy will be done."



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Titles in small capitals, first lines in Roman.

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